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GRANDMAMMA'S WEDDING;

OR, HOW MABEL CHANGED HER MIND.

BY C. A. C. H.

"I was pretty tired sixty-two years ago to-night."

"Sixty-two years ago! Why, gran'ma, what an age! How can you remember so long?"

"I don't know; but I do remember it a great deal plainer than some things that happened only last year. Maybe you wouldn't wonder, if I should tell you what I'd been doing that day."

"What had you? Did you go a long way to see somebody you liked very much, and had a splendid time, and everything?"

To Mabel this seemed the summit of earthly happiness; and the one thing in her life to be remembered above all others, for she was now realising the long anticipated "splendid time," in the society of those she liked "very much."

As to what was comprised in her "everything," I must leave you to guess, for that is certainly all I could do in the case; and you may correct her "accs," too, while you are about it, and be, perhaps, your own, at the same time, for it is an erroneous word in very common use.

"No," said grandmamma; "folks didn't go journeys much in them days. The first one I ever took was after I was married, when I moved up into 'the new country'—'twas then to the eastern part o' Massachusetts. That seemed a most out o' the world to us Connecticut folks, and now they're goin' across the Rocky Mountains by railroad, they say. Dear me!" and grandmamma sat silent some moments, as if trying to realize the practicability of the plan—

to take in its length and breadth the magnificent scheme to which she had alluded.

But curiosity is an active element in Mabel's character, and before there had been half time

for any definite conclusion to be reached, she asked, softly—"What had you been doing that day, gran'ma?"

"Why," rousing suddenly, "making my wedding-cake, child; what else do you think?"

"Oh-h!" The sleepy blue eyes had been slowly widening for the last five minutes, and at this particular juncture gave evidence in

direct contradiction to that of the old clock in the corner, which pointed to the hour for retiring.

But laws were not very strict in that household, and in this instance were forgotten altogether, for she drew her low chair a hitch

nearer gran'ma's, and with all the eagerness of an inveterate story-lover stamped on her

features, said, coaxingly—"Tell me all about it, please, wont you?"

"Why, there aint much to tell; I hadn't but two kinds; that was as much as anybody

had in them days, unless in some rare cases, and my mother had the management of it, so it was good, you might know."

The old lady seemed to forget that Mabel might not know to a certainty of the culinary perfections of this

long ago dead and gone great-grandmother; but there was something in the words and tone

which showed that, notwithstanding the lapse of more than half a century, and the hundreds

of miles which had separated them all these

years, the old lady's memory was still as fresh as when she was a child.

years, there still existed in that aged heart the sentiment of filial pride and affection.

Oh, beautiful thought! A mother's recompense, indeed, to know that in after years her child will in memory go back over all her self-sacrificing love and care, till the fountains of tenderness in his heart shall open and yield a supply something near equal to the demands of her yearning, hungry nature, hitherto all unsatisfied.

"Oh, I didn't mean the cake altogether," said Mabel, hastily, as though she had really been guilty of a doubt as to its superexcellence, which she had not; "but what you wore, and how it was made, and all that."

"Wal, things wan't much different in them days to what they be now—not so much as you might imagine. It's my opinion if fashions go on changing as much in ten years to come as they have in ten back, I'd think I was sot right back into my girlhood again. To begin at the beginnin', I had a straw hat as like your—what d'ye call it?—sun-hat there, as two peas. I didn't go to a shop and buy it right out, as you did. We couldn't then; what we didn't make ourselves, we had to send a great ways for. I kept school that summer, and braided the straw nights and mornin's; and the dress-maker, when she come to make my dress, sewed it for me. Then, besides this, I had a black jockey with feathers and ribbons in plenty on it. My dress was a sort o' pearl-colored, fine cambric—silks wan't common then, except among the very richest; but, la sakes! the prices of even these goods was high enough to buy silks or anything *now*, high as they be. Why, a chintz calico I had was seventy-five cents a yard, and cotton cloth—we used to call it "hum-hum"—was fifty and upwards. But then we didn't have much on't to buy; everybody used to spin and weave, and make their own cloth, even to the checked linen for dresses and aprons. And as to table-cloths and towels, nothing now-a-days is half so nice. That lace-work one you admired so much the other night, was made over fifty years ago."

"Yes, I know," put in Mabel quickly, at this first pause; "but you didn't tell me about the dress. Was it gored?"

There was a little touch of triumph in the tone of this question, for Mabel, in her innocence and ignorance, implicitly believed that a gored dress was never heard of before last year, and not then until the advent of the Misses Warren in her mamma's sewing-room; for did they not declare that it (the pattern) was entirely new, decidedly unique, altogether the

rage, &c.? And whoever thought of doubting their edict had more courage or less faith than little Mabel possessed. The idea of the hat she had worn perched so jauntily on top of her brown head being a revival of a sixty years ago style, lessened her admiration of the article considerably, and she wished very much to know that this was the only resurrected fashion now in use. So we can see why she waited almost breathlessly an answer to her query. How her countenance fell when it came.

"Yes, it was gored, and had a trail a good deal longer than is worn now-a-days. There was a point before and a point behind, the same as now, only the waist was a good deal shorter, scarcely more than room for a seam under the arm. The sleeves of this one were tight, and short, reaching to the elbows only, and edged with two or three rows of lace. Over these was a very wide flowing sleeve of the same material, and about the same length, edged also, and looped up to the shoulder and fastened with a white silk cord and tassel. More of the cord was put on the shoulders in a fanciful pattern, running down the back a little way on to the skirt, and finished with the tassels."

"Oh, that was pretty!" chimed in Mabel.

Old fashions were gaining favor rapidly since the white cord and tassel development, for a little friend of hers next door had a new dress trimmed that way, which had come the nearest to making her break the "Thou shalt not covet" commandment of anything she had seen in a long time. The trail, too, was a consideration, for it was associated in her mind not with mamma's modest folds, but with the ample, lustrous silks and poplins that swept the side-walks of a Sabbath, and behind which she walked at a respectful distance, lost in awe and admiration. To her interest in one elaborately (and, to any taste but that of a Choctaw Indian, distressfully) ornamented barege, she laid the mortification of a missing verse in her Sunday-school lesson, and so might well have rendered with unusual unction that day the class, "Lead us not into temptation."

"Yes, it was pretty." A bright, almost a young smile crept over the faded features at the vivid picture which her own words had called up of herself in bridal attire. By one of those strange transitions peculiar to the last days of a long life, she stood again a happy child beneath her father's roof, awaiting the coming of one whom she had learned to regard with the unselfish love, the unconditional trust with which a young girl gives herself away.

Pride and ambition had a place in the human heart then as well as now, and if her pulse-throbs were a trifle faster and fuller at the thought that she was bearing away from all her young companions the prize of the neighborhood—the handsome young schoolmaster—we shall not account her the worse or the better for that. The future, with its cares and trials, was happily hid, and she looked, as brides are wont to look, at a pathway all flowers and fragrance. Ah, children, there are thorns there, too! How will you meet them? Bravely, like true heroes, without flinching? or will you cringe and cry out at the first pang, and weakly ask—"Why this to me, while another's way is smooth? What have I done?" Our Heavenly Father does not ask what we have done. He knows. He sees our needs, and gives accordingly, now a sweet morsel, now a bitter potion, and we may be sure that one is just as healthful as the other, if accepted submissively, and not in a rebellious, opposing spirit.

While grandmamma retrospected, Mabel reflected, and the tenor of her thoughts was in this wise, though not, perhaps, in these words: Could that face ever have been young and blooming? that brow smooth and fair, the cheeks round and rosy with the hue of health while the ripe lips closed and parted over Nature's rarest pearls—beautiful teeth? Was that complexion, seared with the frosts of eighty winters, ever of that matchless tint given by the rich, red blood of youth, where quick blushes came and went as words of flattery or affection reached her quickened ear? That shrunken form, was it ever full and active as fed by fast pulsing tides, and the dull white locks above her forehead of the gloss and hue of the raven's wing, as she had often and often been told? Yes, it must be so. The eyes were bright dark even yet, dancing at times with a merry twinkle, and the hair was abundant enough to excite the envy of any modern belle. More than this, Mabel remembered, just then, having seen a very fair young woman—grandmamma's niece—who, it was said by the two or three who could remember so far back, was quite the old lady's counterpart, so it must be true; and with this conviction came another not half so pleasant—that she, too, would change, grow old. But not so old as grandma. Vanity, alarmed, refused to take her so far as that; but half-way, perhaps, like mamma or aunty. Even this was not a pleasant stopping-place, and with an involuntary movement, she drew her hand hastily up and down her smooth cheek, as if to make sure that the dreaded change had not already begun.

Mabel, little girl, to grow old is not so bad a thing, if you will only learn to grow old beautifully. Not many people do it, yet it is a very easy thing, for all that. One little rule, may-be two, and it is done. First, love God and all His creatures; that is, all who are in any way like Him—lovable. There are some persons whom you *can't* love *very much*, and I don't think God wants you to till they're better. But you can keep away from them, and pray for them, and leave the rest with Him. Then put away selfishness from your hearts, and you have begun to grow old beautifully. There have been a great many sermons and essays written on the subject, but this is the pith of them all, and the secret of it is that you draw around you so many warm, loving friends that you cannot help your heart keeping warm and loving too. So, though beauty fade and youthful pleasures pall, there will yet be tender eyes to look into yours, and strong hands to help over rough places; and this, with the consciousness that God is our loving Father, and that we have tried as well as we could, with our weak, human natures, to please Him, will help us to look "towards life's sunset" without a fear or shudder, but rather to regard these later years as the last part of a journey which brings us into communion, as Mabel said, with those we love very much, and into the light of a countenance whose smile shall be hidden from us no more forever. Will not that be beautiful, too? Have you forgotten Mabel and her grand-mother in this long digression? I have not, and they were not asleep, either, for presently the old lady leaned forwards, and in a softened tone, as though she had awakened from a pleasant dream, said—"Hadn't you better go to bed, now, Mabel? It is eight o'clock."

"Oh, no, gran'ma; I aint sleepy a bit, and I was just this minute wondering how your hair was fixed."

"Well, I don't know—that is—I guess it's rather foolish for me to be telling you over all this, filling your head with these things. We might be better employed, both of us."

"I don't think so," said Mabel, in her decided fashion. "I want to know and how else should I find out? I'd give anything if you'd kept some of your dresses and things. How I should like to dress up to-day in the clothes you were married in. Wouldn't it be funny? I mean to keep mine."

"Yes, I would; but you'd better go now."

"Mamma's asleep," pleaded Mabel, "and won't mind in the least if I stay a little longer, just to hear about the hair, you know," coax-

ingly. "Was it curled? I think I've been told you used to wear it so."

"I did, usually; but on this occasion and often at other times, it was done in the prevailing style—craped, and frizzed, and powdered. Then it was combed 'way up here (placing her hand over the forehead), and put back under a little white puffed lace cap that came just over the ears and tied under the chin. Long white gloves reaching to the elbow, slippers and tucker completed the outfit."

"Tucker! Goodness! What was that?"

Grandmamma laughed at Mabel's astonishment. "You'd have to guess a good while before you'd find out, I'm thinking. It was a collar, and was made of very fine book muslin—a long strip near two fingers wide. This was trimmed all round with fine linen edging an inch wide. Then it was pleated, not in the middle, but so that one edge—the one that stood up round the neck, was about half a finger wide, and the lower one as wide again. Over this pleating was a white satin ribbon two inches wide, that came round and tied in a bow in front, with long loops and ends like yours. Wouldn't you laugh to see a thing of such dimensions on a person now? yet it was considered very fine then. Two coats, one of silk the other of broadcloth—both black—cut in the fashion of the—what's that thing of yours?—basquine, only longer, reaching in fact, nearly to the feet, was all—everything. Now do go."

"Yes'm," said Mabel, rising, yet lingering as if reluctant to leave, for something might be left untold; and now that she had grandmamma in a communicative mood, she meant to make the most of it. "But where did you go for a bridal trip? Off on the cars somewhere, of course?"

"The cars, child! Bless your heart, no. The cars hadn't been thought of then, nor wagons either, except a few heavy ones to carry loads on. We went up to Father Chase's next day, fourteen couple of us, on horseback."

"On horseback!" cried Mabel. "Oh, dear, on horseback! Why that was just splendid. I'd give anything if I'd lived in those days—indeed I would. Did you have a pony all your own?"

"No; but I had one to use whenever I wanted it. Sometimes one horse carried two—one on a pillion, back of the saddle; but on this occasion we were mounted separately. The weather was fine, a real September day, very much such as this has been; not a cloud to be seen, and we set off, as merry a company, I'll venture, as ever started for Saratoga or New-

port. Sometimes we ran races till we were all helter skelter, and then, giving our horses the rein, we walked for miles, chatting gayly. If a couple or two fell behind or talked in low tones—too low for any ears but their own, it excited no surprise, we only rallied them pleasantly when they came up, asking if the day was fixed. A good deal of courting was done on the road in them days, for we hadn't time to sit and dawdle away hours together in the parlor—or keeping-room, as it was called, as young folks do now. Ah, me! things is changed!"

"Yes, indeed," assented Mabel. But the regrets of the two were for causes as far different as could well be imagined. Grandmamma sighed, as old people are wont to do, that the young are less industrious and thrifty than they used to be—more given to vanity and foolish amusements, and all that, when the truth is, human nature, and especially young human nature, is and has been very much the same in all ages. Mabel, poor child, sighed that the days of those gay cavalcades were over, never to return. "I've been thinking," she said, presently, "such a company as that—fourteen ladies and as many gentlemen, all on horseback parading up Brooklyn street, would call out more people than General Riley and his whole staff did the other day; and 'twas a sight better worth seeing, too, in my estimation. I declare I thought when you first begun, granma, that there couldn't have been any fun for anybody so long ago as when you were young; but I guess they had better times than we do—poked up in the cars or a buggy every mile we want to go. Between you and I, the very best time I've had this summer, was up to Nellie Truman's, when they set me on a horse's back—bare you know—and let me ride across the meadow to where the men were haying; and then to ride every day, and as much as you wanted to, oh—oh!" Mabel's imagination would bear no further stretch in that direction without damage; so with the utterance of these last words she brought her two hands together and held them tightly, as much as to say—"Could anything be better?"

"La, child, you wouldn't care nothing about it after a little. You'd get used to it, and then it would be like an old story, or a cast-off garment. Why is it (half musingly) that we're so onmindful of the things we have got, and always a hankering for them we hain't? (Who can answer grandmamma's query?) But I'll tell you what it is, Mabel, in all my long life I've found it a pretty good way, when I grew discontented and unhappy like, about things I

couldn't help, to think up somebody who was worse off than I was. It was no difficult matter, even when things were at their worst. Then if I could manage to help 'em a little, so much the better. Now it seems to me you've a good many things to be thankful for—a good many I should have liked when I was young, and that half the little boys and girls in the world haven't got. Besides enough of what's called 'creature comforts,' you've got good schools to go to; books and papers in abundance to read, and a plenty of kind friends to love you." "Oh, yes," said Mabel, her cheerfulness half recovered; "and a dear old grandmother who lets me sit up till after bedtime, and tells me long, true stories about her own wedding. Let me see—the 27th of September, sixty-two years ago—just fifty years before I was born. I shan't forget that very soon, and if ever I get married, it shall be on the same day, and then it will be remembered a long, long time. Oh, but"—suddenly resuming her seat, while a roguish smile lurked in the dimples of her upturned face—"you haven't told me a word yet about grandpa—how he was dressed, or anything! I had thought of it before, but would not interrupt till you had finished about yourself. Now I'll hear;" and she folded her hands demurely, as if for another hour's sitting.

"Oh, you mischief! you'd stay and listen till midnight, I verily believe, and never wink. But you must ask him. Some day when he's on the porch smoking his pipe, tease him half as much, or as well as you have me, and he'll tell you a great deal more than I can. I presume though (smiling), I remember a deal better what he wore that day than he himself does. His coat was a blue broadcloth, trimmed with gilt buttons, cinnamon-colored pants and vest, and white"—

"Oh, no, you needn't; I mean to ask him," said Mabel, clapping her hands at the prospect of another story. "And to-morrow is the very day—the real anniversary, you know. Wont it be nice? I will go now. A kiss, and good-night." So she tiptoed softly into the next room to find its occupant not asleep, but wide awake, and a scarcely less interested listener than was she herself, to the details of grand-mamma's wedding. And now the eavesdropper has turned telltale in the hope of entertaining some good little girls and of doing away with any mistaken notions which they may, like Mabel, have held in regard to "old times." Maybe, too, it will revive pleasant memories in the hearts of other patient grandmothers who in turn will be induced to regale eager ears

with the scenes and incidents of youth, to be cherished and treasured in the years to come, as Mabel promises to treasure hers.

MY DREAM.

BY BEULAH.

Out on the ocean sailing,
Far out of sight of land,
Without an oar or rudder,
Without a guiding hand,
Upon the silent waters
Without a friend or home—
How terrible the anguish
Of a soul all—alone!
The darkness 'round me stealing,
The cold winds 'round me moan,
Seeming a wail of anguish,
An echo to my own,
The clouds above me gather,
Heavy with unshed tears;
Like them my soul is darkening,
Clouding with doubts and fears,
The billows 'round me foaming;
Uphear my little bark;
My soul is groping—groping
For one star through the dark,
Not e'en one gleam of brightness,
No faint touch of a hand;
Oh, for one beam of sunlight—
Oh, for one glimpse of land!
Is there no guiding finger
To keep the storm in check?
No Pilot-Saviour near me
To save my life from wreck?
A flood of Heavenly glory
Enwraps me in its light,
The storm no longer rageth,
And over past the night,
Three angels tread the billows,
They take their seats with me;
It is the Master sendeth—
Welcome, thou blessed three!
My bark is swiftly gliding
Into the blessed realm,
For Hope's arms are about me,
And Faith is at the helm,
And Love's dear eyes are shining,
They look up into mine;
She claims a willing captive,
I am forever thine!
The boat has reached the harbor,
At gate of Paradise,
And rapturous scenes before me
Half blind my wondering eyes,
A glorious light is beaming
O'er hill-top, vale and stream,
Ah! now the vision fadeth;
Alas! it was a dream. (P.T.)

NEW HINTS CONCERNING THE PIANO KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY LESHART. on still a little of the

The idea of a Piano Kaleidoscope is one not likely to be new to persons generally; but the mode of its most felicitous development, so that the richest effects can be produced by the simplest and apparently most inadequate means, is one which I have never seen practised beyond a certain family circle. I propose to give the readers of the "Home Magazine" the result of my experience in this direction; and to those who faithfully follow my instruction, I promise an entertainment in a high degree beautiful and artistic. And as some persons reading this article may possibly never have heard of this kind of Kaleidoscope, I will give minute details for its construction, in the hope that all will at once bestow upon themselves so charming yet simple a pleasure. As the name indicates, it is a development of the same principle as the popular child's toy; only, instead of smoked glass as a means of reflection, we have, in this case, the polished sides of the piano, making the whole effect in every way infinitely superior. In constructing the Kaleidoscope, I shall suppose the piano to be placed against the middle of one side of the drawing-room, the end, of course, opposite another side.

1. Close the piano and carefully dust the top, so that the reflection may be perfectly pure and bright.

2. Open as though for playing, with the exception of leaving the music frame down, and raising the folded lid from the back, let it rest against some solid objects placed nearly at the ends of the instrument against the wall. We have found large music books laid on loose sheets of paper to prevent rubbing—useful for this purpose—with a smaller book in front of them, on which the lid can rest at exactly the right angle. This angle is an important point, as a slight deviation breaks the regularity of the figure. The books by which we form it stand on the piano at a height of very nearly six inches. This gives a fine six-sided figure.

3. Take a long, dark shawl or other drapery, and throw entirely across the back, so that the open space between the books shall be covered. We shall thus have formed a triangular tube, accessible only at the ends.

4. Now proceed to arrange lights so that objects held at one end of the piano shall be brilliantly illuminated. This must be done

from such points that the lamps themselves shall not be visible inside, nor their reflection upon the surface of the piano. A small, high table at the right hand, with two bright lights well shaded, furnishes a very good illumination, although light from both hands, and fuller still, is better, only it must be skilfully placed. Care must also be taken that the shawl at the top is not drawn so nearly to the end as to obstruct the light or be visible from within. Opposite this end, some black drapery must be hung against the wall to relieve the objects. The Kaleidoscope is now formed, and can be tested by a person looking through the dark end, while some one swings a bright object at the lighted opening. If the result is satisfactory, he will see through the dark tube a perfect and brilliant six-sided figure, whose changes are incessant.

Having perfected the shape, the next point is to obtain the best objects for exhibition. And this is where I hope to be of service to those who have already tried the Kaleidoscope. I will premise by saying that objects which are stiff and regular in shape should be avoided, however rich their colors. The repetition of any figure produces a certain regularity, and, in the Kaleidoscope, order comes most gracefully from the greatest chaos. The following is a list of some of the articles and their combinations which have been found to produce exquisite effects. I can only say that the means are absurdly poor for the resulting magnificence of form and color, and naturally occasion much fun and surprise to those who look for the first time.

1. Large bunches of lamplighters, made of tissue paper of various colors, and having long ends cut and crimped. Shake them lightly, so as to produce an airy, quivering motion.

2. A long chain of stiff paper rings of many colors and sizes, smaller hung upon larger, and some twined with gilt. Exercise these on ivory or other knitting needles. Let one person do this, while another moves the lamplighters.

3. An invaluable assistant in the production of graceful effects is an old-fashioned lace cape of elaborate embroidery. This enters into many combinations. Try it as a background to the preceding objects.

4. A handsome white tidy, upon which is

fastened a dozen of the cut glass drops that used to be affixed to the long pendants of solar lamps. This tidy, gradually moved from the angle up towards the light, while irregular ends of red, white and blue ribbon are fluttered about it, produces a fine effect.

5. A stout yet entirely flexible piece of bamboo, a yard long, may be very successfully arranged as follows: Make tubes an inch in length of stiff white paper, and large enough to slide along the cane with the least movement. Attach small pieces of the most brilliant soft silks and woollens to these tubes, so that they shall hang down the bamboo in an irregular row of various lengths. Mix in bunches of worsted also; in fine, anything pliable and bright, only being careful that the shapes are ragged and uneven. Place these now on the cane, interspersing vacant tubes to keep the articles a little apart, and finish by slipping on two tightly-fitting spools as handles. Now bend the cane like a bow, and pass it in front of the opening. Move gradually from the hinge of the piano up to the light, so that the observer at the other end shall see the figure expand and then diminish in the distance. Curve the bow in various ways, so that the tubes shall be seen in the Kaleidoscope, and slowly arch the whole; the result is a singular and beautiful effect.

6. Weave round a little bamboo circle, so that they shall hang in much confusion, bright curtain or other cords; also, long single ends of cotton, silk or worsted. Swing this before a handful of crimped blonde or old lace, which must be waved behind, or sometimes passed in and out before the hoop.

7. To produce a very delicate effect, use the lace cape in connection with strings of large pure white beads, and two or three long glass pendants from a lamp. These, swung slowly near the light, are very dazzling. The white may be charmingly relieved by introducing a bunch of artificial roses, or muslin of any single delicate color.

Perhaps I have now made a sufficient number of suggestions to appeal to the inventive faculty of persons who, having given these a fair trial, desire to extend their list. I can only say that enthusiastic individuals have found these objects exceedingly attractive, entirely exhausting the language in attempts to praise them. Experience and practice are, however, necessary for the production of the finest results, and it is usually best for two persons to operate at the same time.

WISHING FOR MONEY.

"I wish I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time to wishing, but too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of *ennui* and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment. Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase, greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rosewood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. You have to eat, to drink, to wear enough; then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty, rich and poor alike.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage; people may be amused, and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought up against him on some subsequent occasion.

When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance for his offence, he needs no chastisement. When the tears begin to flow from grief at one's own conduct, be sure there is an angel in the bosom.

WISHING FOR MONEY.

PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

CHAPTER XII.—A SUGGESTION.

"My dear Miss Dudley, something is troubling you of late. Tell me if it be anything that I have power to remove."

Pauline, standing absently by one of the windows of her school-room, revolving in her mind the vexing problem of ways and means, turned around to meet the kind inquiring eyes of the Principal, who entering the apartment upon some errand, had found her alone, and so deeply absorbed in thought as to be quite unconscious of his presence.

"Indeed, Mr. Marsh, I did not know that my face was such an open advertisement of inner disturbances," she answered, with a forced smile. "The truth is I am in trouble, and I fear I have not discharged my duties quite as faithfully as I ought in the past few days. Have you observed any delinquency?"

"Not in performance. But you seem to have been absent in spirit while present in body; and your work, though done with exactness, has lacked its usual life. Might I ask the cause of your trouble? Perhaps I may be able to serve you."

Pauline looked earnestly into the kind, true, sympathizing face before her, and answered unhesitatingly—"I will tell you, if you have time to hear the story, though I doubt your power to help me much, however good your will."

"Nay, now I believe you underrate my abilities," said Mr. Marsh, smiling, as he placed a chair for her, and settled himself comfortably in a listening attitude, fixing his eyes upon her face with an expression of deep interest as she related, in as few words as possible, the circumstances which made her dissatisfied with her present situation, and rendered it imperative for her to seek some other employment that would prove more lucrative, if any such could be found which she was capable of discharging.

"But," said he, when she came to a pause, knitting his brows, reflectively, "your step-father had a son if I am not mistaken. Was it not he who used sometimes to visit you when you were a pupil here? Surely it is his place to look after the welfare of the family, and to see that the mistakes and misfortunes of his father do not deprive them of the necessities of life. The larger remuneration which he receives for labor, renders it much easier for him

than for you to assume the responsibility of providing for these dependent ones. Pray, what is he about, to let this burden devolve on you?"

A hot flush mounted to Pauline's forehead, and her manner betrayed so much confusion that the gentleman kindly averted his eyes from her face, inly wondering why his words should so deeply disturb her.

"Earle has his own aims and projects in life," she answered, recovering her self-possession, "and cannot turn aside from them to look after matters of weaker interest. He runs for a prize, and shall not be fettered in the race, for the sooner the glittering, empty bauble breaks in his hand, the sooner he will cease to be beguiled by such fantasies. But I have no plans, no ambitions that stand in the way of helping these dear friends whose misfortunes are mine. I only desire to see how it is to be done, and I am ready to wear out my life in their service and count it richly lost."

"But if this fellow has the spirit of a man, he will not permit you."

"Hush, Mr. Marsh; that is the way the world talks, as if women must be always a dead weight on husbands, fathers, and brothers, nor lift a finger in assistance of themselves or friends. Earle is a man, with a man's ambition to win distinction and an honorable place among his fellows. His progress ought not to be impeded by a half dozen pairs of helpless hands, holding to his skirts, and dragging him back from the goal on which his eye is fixed. Let him, if he can, reach the position that he covets and become a 'power' among men. But what is my woman's life worth but to give and to spend for those I love? Show me but the way."

Pauline's companion looked at her keenly, as if trying to discover the nature and depth of her regard for her nominal brother, and how far, in fact, she sympathized with his ambition, which she both defended and condemned; but her face, calm and impassive, since that first flush had died out of it, revealed no secrets to his searching eyes.

"I wish," he said, with a fervor that left no doubt of the sincerity of his words—"I wish I could see a way to help you, and at the same time relieve you of all trouble in this matter. If I had the power, and could do so without exciting jealousy in the minds of my other

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assistants, I would raise your salary at once to an amount equal to the exigencies of the case, and you should have no more care and perplexity about this business."

Pauline's eyes flashed, and she lifted her hand with a gesture of impatience. "I know you say such words out of the goodness of your heart, Mr. Marsh; but I am not appealing to your charity. I take it for granted that you already pay me as much as you consider my services worth, and I could not accept more of you, save as a reward for the performance of some additional duties. What I desire is work, of a sort that will command a price sufficient to enable me to accomplish my purpose, which I feel assured is not an unworthy one. I am not seeking to escape the care and trouble of which you so chivalrously wish to relieve me—I must bear my own burdens. My sole perplexity is in getting the right solution to this problem involving work, wages and ability. I have been ciphering incessantly upon it for the past week, but have not been able by any process to arrive at the desired result."

Mr. Marsh smiled. "I have a mind to let you cipher a week longer," said he; "you are so obstinately and irrationally independent. But that's a difficult problem you are trying to solve, Pauline, and might puzzle a stronger brain than yours. The work found, and the ability therefor clearly demonstrated, there yet remains an irreconcilable difference between wages and requirements, which, by the conditions of the question, should be equal. To cancel this difference, and obtain the answer sought, is well nigh impossible, from the fact that in nearly every case the price of a woman's labor is limited by the supposition that she has only herself to provide for. But—" The gentleman paused and looked at his companion attentively.

"Well?" she said, lifting her eyes to his in earnest inquiry.

"I will help you as far as I can by a new statement of the proposition. Given the work, and the capacity to perform it, to find the unknown quantity equalling the indefinite wants you wish to supply."

"That doesn't seem to me a very clear statement. I can make nothing out of it," said Pauline, dubiously.

"Can you not? Perhaps because the work, being an exceptional one, is distasteful to you."

"I cannot even guess it."

"Indeed! Then you never have contemplated trying to solve your troublesome problem by a course of public lectures?"

"Mr. Marsh! I wouldn't have believed such an absurd idea could have generated in your brain."

"What's amiss with the idea? Take care what names you call my offspring."

"You said—'Given the work, and the capacity to perform it.' Mark! the *capacity* to perform the work."

"Just so. I said precisely those words."

"But I have no capacity for the work that you suggest."

"Because it is undeveloped, you have no consciousness of it, perhaps. When you were a student here, I marked your oratorical talent with wonder and regret that it had been bestowed upon a girl, who, according to popular opinion, has no business to use it. But now, I think the gifts of God should be more respected than the prejudices of men; and if this talent, which you assuredly possess, can be made to minister to the good of others, there is no reason under heaven why you should not put it to use, and reap what advantage you can of it."

Pauline, listening with an incredulous smile to the talk of her old tutor, folded her hands upon the table before her, and leaning forward, studied his face intently for some moments without speaking.

"My dear child, I was never in my life more sincere," he said, interpreting her thought.

"Have you forgotten the triumphs of your school days? Why, you could never read a composition as your fellow students did, with slow, painful, studious attention to the copy, but, growing warm with your subject, your carefully prepared paper would flutter away unheeded from your hand, and with that perfect self-unconsciousness which is one of the charms of your speech and manner, you would give us your thoughts impromptu—better in many cases, I found, than your studied ones, though, I dare say, it was to this previous preparation that they owed their strength and soundness. Now, if you could do so well in those immature days, you can do even better with your present knowledge and experience (you needn't smile; I don't think you are half so wise as I am yet); and since circumstances render self-exertion necessary, it is best to use the talent the Master has entrusted to you, and which, had the way stood clearly open for its exercise, would have discovered itself to you long ago. Don't be afraid of the roaring of those two lions, Custom and Prejudice. The

bold, pressing forward in a good cause, will find them chained."

Mr. Marsh's auditor, with her head bowed upon her hand and the fingers of the other beating a noiseless accompaniment to her thoughts, sat, with eyes cast down, silently revolving in her mind this new and unexpected suggestion which evidently did not wholly please her.

"Granting that I have a faculty for the work proposed," she said, at last, meeting the eyes that were watching every change in her face, "I do not see clearly that the object I have in view could be reached in that direction sooner than by other ways less pretentious. My ambition cannot be permitted to soar above the question of dollars and cents. The only considerations allowed me in relation to my choice of work are honesty and pecuniary profit. If I am satisfied on the first point, as regards this business, I do not feel at all confident with respect to the latter. I may be 'bold' enough to push my way past those chained lions, (whose chains I do not see) but what if there be none brave enough to follow me? I think uncommon talent is required to insure success to an undertaking of this kind. It would not be very profitable to speak without an audience."

"No; but after you have spoken to an empty house a few times, you can take the hint, and go quietly in search of other employment. I don't imagine you will ever have an opportunity to talk without an audience. Of course, you will have to reap your first fruits from *curiosity*; but if you are true to yourself, the weaker motive will soon yield to one nobler in your hearers. Make the trial; nothing can be clearly proven without that; though for myself, I have no doubt of your success. The public is not half as unjust as disappointed would-be-geniuses represent, but is, in most cases, ready to acknowledge and reward available talent of whatever kind or degree, to quite the extent deserved. They who speak the wisdom of coming generations may not always be appreciated by their contemporaries, but these, knowing that the eternal truth can never perish, are the last to complain of the neglect over which feeble-brained aspirants to fame grow bitter and melancholy. You haven't so much genius, Pauline, that you need fear the world will fail to appreciate you in your day and generation. It has present use for you, and will reward you according to the worth of your services."

"How discouraging!" he responded, dubi-

ously. "For, really, my 'services' in the direction indicated, cannot merit a very great reward. What truth have I to tell that is not trite and old, and wearies with repeating? I know absolutely nothing."

Mr. Marsh laughed, softly, rising to his feet, and looking down with an amused expression at the face of his quondam pupil—"There is certainly hope for you," he said. "You are in the rudiments of the highest wisdom if you have learned that you know nothing. A great many of us serve out the apprenticeship of this life and enter upon the next without discovering the very important truth that you have found out so early. Now I am going to leave you to consider at leisure the matter of which we have been talking. Can you do better than to act upon my suggestion? Think about it."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TRIAL.

And she thought about it. Some good people who may not have marked her character sufficiently to anticipate her action in a case like this, will be surprised and disappointed, perhaps, that she gave a moment's consideration to such a proposition, instead of casting it behind her as a naughty suggestion of the devil; but it is a fact, which as a faithful biographer I have to record, that she did ponder the matter long and seriously, and the more she pondered, the more the plan of her old friend commended itself to her judgment. There were many objections to it, true; but carrying the one vital question respecting it straight to that Tribunal whither she carried for decision all questions affecting her life, she found no law of prohibition or condemnatory sentence against the work under consideration; but God and conscience said, you may do it if you are able.

Was she able? Long time she vexed her soul in the effort to elicit a definite answer to this query, but it was like trying to discern some distant object through a thick veil of mist. Everything was involved in doubt; only by pressing forward could she arrive at certainty. How can one tell what one has strength to do until it is put to the test? Dubious as looked the prospect of gaining the desired end by the means proposed, she could see nothing more promising, and resolved at last to try the experiment and be guided by the result.

And this was what she told Mr. Marsh when he inquired for her decision, adding—"Nothing more or less than failure or success can await

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me, and I am ready to abide by the verdict of the public. If I prove myself worthy of encouragement, no doubt I shall receive it; if of contumely and neglect, I shall likewise get my dues. Undeserved favor, certainly, I neither expect nor desire."

"Bravo!" cried her adviser. "That resolve puts you on the high-road to success. I shall be sorry to lose your services as a teacher; but since, sooner or later, I inevitably must, I will hasten to secure them, if possible, in your new capacity, by inviting you to deliver the address at our next Commencement. Will you favor us?"

Pauline smiled. "It is very gratifying to my vanity to be asked to accept a benefit as if I were to confer one. A stage for the exhibition of my untutored and untrained powers is not an offer to be scorned; but would it be a just return for all your kindnesses to fail upon your hands?"

"Pooh!" Mr. Marsh wheeled and walked away with an impatient air, but came back in a moment with a smile upon his countenance. "You may fail if you dare," he said, in a mock-threatening voice. "I don't believe you will think it best. I make only one proviso, and I am almost certain that your good sense renders even that unnecessary. Don't try to be masculine, and afflict us with weak imitations of your gods and heroes. The worth of your work in this new field depends on your fidelity to your own inward convictions of truth. We don't want at second hand any man's opinions, however wise and exalted. Be yourself, and give us a woman's views of things."

"In little, spiteful, cat-like scratches at offending theories and measures," she said, with a nervous laugh and heightened color, "in pin and needle thrusts at real or fancied wrongs; in microscopic observations of deficiencies and superabundancies; in wearisome detail of insignificant trifles; in pedantic displays of small learning, by the use of language the most extravagant and hyperbolic—I will try to satisfy you."

"Good!" with a slightly disturbed look and an answering laugh that had no depth. "But mind you give no extra touches. And now, for the present, cease from borrowing pecuniary trouble, and leave off pressing your faculties into a committee of the whole on ways and means. If needed, the reward of your solicited (may I say engaged?) services for the specified occasion is at your command to-day, and I am quite ready to accept as security for

some of my spare funds the proceeds of your future labors."

"You have a very delicate way of bestowing charities, Mr. Marsh," Pauline answered, the red in her cheeks glowing more brightly, "but I prefer my services to go before the reward, and in case of failure I cannot accept any compensation for work that would be an injury instead of a benefit."

"Is it so nominated in the bond?" quoted the gentleman, with Shylock's uncomprehending air. "I find no such conditions named. For a specified work, well or illy performed, you are to receive a certain remuneration; such are the terms of the contract. I do believe if you had been one of the laborers called at the eleventh hour to work in the vineyard, as related in sacred parable, you would have 'murmured at the good man of the house' for rewarding you equally with those who had 'borne the heat and burden of the day,' and reproached him for the injustice of his dealing."

"Perhaps. I know that shame for my own unworthiness, and sympathy with the indignation of the veteran laborers would have outbalanced my gratitude to the master. I want my just dues; no more. If I am ever driven to the necessity of accepting alms for myself or friends, I will do so honestly and undisguisedly, and without seeking refuge for my wounded pride under some miserable pretence of requital." And to escape farther argument on the subject, Pauline bowed hastily to her superior, and retired from his presence.

Continuing to discharge her duties as teacher, she prepared herself in leisure hours for the ordeal which, in her own mind, she determined should decide, once and forever, her fitness for the employment commended by her friend. If she passed the trial creditably, she would dare a more ambitious effort; but if she failed in this initial step, she would accept the warning, and press no farther in a way that many might deem forbidden to her. Glowing with the fervor of thoughts and feelings ripe for expression, importuned by a thousand truths, old as eternity, but seeking a new birth through her utterance, she found the preparation for her proposed work at least too engrossing to admit of any fear respecting the issue, her sole trouble being to select from the infinity of things that wanted to be said, the ones befitting the occasion. This difficulty at last surmounted, and her best thoughts upon the subject to be discussed arranged for use, the glow went out of heart and brain, and

cold, chilling doubts again crept in. Was not the step she was meditating altogether too presumptuous? What ideas had she to communicate that would interest an intelligent audience? Into what errors of judgment might not her youth, ignorance and inexperience have led her? Were her convictions of truth to be fully trusted? Then to this perturbed state of mind would succeed one of calmness and assurance, in which the way, at whose entrance she stumbled, opened clearly and broadly before her, and she saw herself walking confidently forward without fear or faltering; but suddenly the rolling billows of doubt would go over her again, and a new multitude of questions, seizing upon her like monsters of the deep, would drag her down, down, while she struggled in vain to escape or baffle them with answers.

But through conflict and calm she held firm to her resolve, and wrestled in secret with her fears, not guessing that the penetrating eyes of her counsellor read the inward struggle in the language of her face, while she studied his vainly to discover whether he truly felt the confidence which he professed in her abilities, or only designed his words for her encouragement in an attempt that was simply to prove to him, perhaps, the truth or falseness of some theory.

So the days one by one, with their doubts and troubles, fled backward, like the objects that we see when we are driven furiously forward by a power we do not control, and at last came up the day of trial and judgment, and the wheels of life stopped rolling and stood still for her to look full in the face of it.

What a magnifying of so small an event! True. She knew it, and smiled in self-derision; but then it is so difficult at times to estimate things at their just value. And this occasion appeared more formidable to her from the fact that Mr. Marsh had announced for it a speaker of unusual talent, whose name for the present he would not divulge, thus drawing together an expectant crowd, whose anticipations she felt doomed to disappoint.

All day she fought with her dread, that ceased not a moment to torment her, gaining more and more the mastery over her, until, as the decisive hour drew closer, she began to cast wildly about for some loophole of escape, and to pray for thunderbolts, earthquakes and tornadoes to scatter the waiting assembly. Twice she had been summoned from the solitude that she had sought for self-composure and preparation for her trial, but yet she

carried with purpose unaccomplished, striving to crush out by an effort of the will the fear that a single forward step might have dissipated.

At length, striding along the passage with quick, impatient feet, came Mr. Marsh himself, flinging open the door of her hiding-place without a show of ceremony. "What is the meaning of this delay?" cried he, in sharp, imperative tones. "There is not an instant to lose. The people are waiting."

She threw out her hands desperately. "Tell them to go! Tell them I am suddenly sick—dead—crazy—and cannot keep the engagement!"

He turned upon her with an angry gesture, and a look such as she had never before seen in his face. "What miserable folly is this!" he exclaimed, in a voice of passion. "I might have known better than to trust you. I might have foreseen that some irrational woman's caprice would upset everything at last."

Her heart gave a great bound, and stood suddenly still and calm. "Lead the way," she said imperiously, "I am ready."

With that taunt ringing in her ears, she could have walked over burning ploughshares without faltering.

An instant change came over the countenance of her companion, and he looked down at her with a curious smile as he offered his arm, which, without glancing at his face, she coldly rejected, motioning him silently to advance, and following like a condemned criminal going unflinchingly in the strength of conscious innocence to execution.

The blank look and suppressed stir of surprise that followed her introduction to the audience, were certainly not very reassuring, and she stood upon the platform with the feeling which one might have who, on the gallows, waits the descent of the fatal drop.

With a powerful effort, she compelled herself to pronounce the first words of her address, which she had so thoroughly studied that she could have commanded them under almost any circumstances; but in the profound stillness that pervaded the house, her voice—remarkable for its clear, penetrating quality—sounded so strange and unnatural that she hardly recognized it as her own. Proceeding slowly, carefully, as if she were blindly feeling her way along the path of her discourse, uttering every word in an absent, hesitating, compulsory manner, that indicated no present interest in her theme, but only the desperate effort of a somewhat treacherous memory, the

opening of her speech gave meagre promise of entertainment to her listeners, who were beginning covertly to smile and exchange significant glances with each other.

But gradually she grew warm with her subject; the awful, oppressive restraint that had lain upon every faculty gave way, and her soul swung clear of its icy fetters, and her freed thoughts poured themselves into ready words that were not paid out slowly and grudgingly by a sluggish memory. The truth rose up before her mighty and strong, and in its presence she forgot all else, losing herself in its greatness, and by her fervor and earnestness causing her hearers to lose themselves, and forget her in a higher interest. It might have been difficult for many of them to have told what they thought of her, for while they were taking notes and making mental criticisms, she suddenly disappeared, manifesting herself no more to their consciousness until in a reign of breathless stillness, they opened their eyes and saw her gliding from the platform and out the open door, glowing, impassioned, as little like the cold, pale, stammering girl that had stood before them an hour ago, as could well be imagined.

Now, somebody who detests prodigies in stories as sincerely as I do, may turn his back on "Pauline" just here (if, indeed, he hasn't previously done so), under the impression that a monster of unnatural proportions and combinations is about to be sprung upon him. I cordially tender him my profound sympathy, but ask, as a favor, the light of his countenance a little longer, solemnly assuring him that if the young lady's discourse could have been written down for his inspection, he would find quite enough faults of diction, and possibly inaccuracies in statement, and consequently errors in conclusion, to absolve from the charge of representing her as doing and being more than nature, circumstance and education warranted. But one thing he might not find in a speech so reported, and there he would miss its moving power—the impassioned earnestness, born of strong convictions, which (after the thrall of diffidence consequent on the strangeness of her position was broken,) kindled her words with a life that cannot be communicated by pen. She spoke with fervor that which she felt and believed; in this lay her strength and charm. That her views were profound or comprehensive, is not claimed; they were rather suggestive and provocative of thought in directions which minds farther reaching and more inclined to generalization

than hers had overlooked, or regarded as too narrow for the exercise of their grander powers.

CHAPTER XIV.—EXPOSTULATION.

"Is the word Forward?" Mr. Marsh asked Pauline, on the day succeeding her effort.

"Forward," she answered, resolutely.

"Then I am commissioned to lay before you two invitations to lecture, from sources that prove I did not overrate your talent or chances of success, or else as great fools as I occupy much higher positions, and enjoy a more enviable reputation for sagacity and insight. They will take you before larger and more critical audiences than that you addressed last night, and the remuneration for your services will be greater, you perceive—a fact of vaster importance in your eyes than all the rest, I dare say, you mercenary creature," he said, watching her set the seal and superscription to a letter containing the check he had just brought to her. "I'm sorry you haven't a higher incentive to this work."

She looked up quickly, with a shadow of pain and doubt darkening her face. She had felt some misgivings on that very point. "I mean to be honest," she said, humbly. "To save myself and those I love from starvation, I will not speak what I do not believe to be truth. For the rest, if there be anything interiorly wrong in my motive, I hope God will forgive it, and lead me to a better. If I had not been spurred to it by necessity, I never should have presumed to the work at all."

"I know it, and some of us may thank Heaven for the necessity. The pain with which you shrink from the probe of my unmeaning words, proves too much morbidness of feeling on the subject of your motives. There is no need for you to afflict yourself on that point. They who have served mankind in the highest ways, have most frequently been driven to it by the same spur that urges you. It is one of God's means. But what has become of those impish fears with which you wrestled in hand to hand combat yesterday?"

"I don't know. Exorcised, perhaps, by your voice and look when you summoned me last night."

"Ha! An astonishingly natural actor, was I not?"

"So astonishingly natural that you will not be able to convince me to-day that your words were not the ebullition of actual feeling."

"One must hurt, sometimes, to help," he said, apologetically. "You will admit now, that you were irrationally apprehensive of

failure, and needed a sharp word to restore you to reason."

"I hope the same necessity will not again occur," she replied. "I am wiser than I was yesterday, when I was striving to prepare myself for the dreaded action by fighting down my apprehensions of failure. That was vain labor; but when I ceased struggling and went forward, my doubts of themselves took flight."

"Exactly. It is worse than useless to parley with such demoniacal tormentors. Walk straight ahead in the way of duty, and one by one they will drop down limp and cold by the road-side. But I had almost forgotten a part of my errand. There is a strange young gentleman in the visitor's room waiting to see you."

"His name?"

"Really," fumbling in his pocket, rubbing his forehead, "really, I think I've lost it. What an unfaithful waiter. It was something Irish—Barney, Bridget or O'Brien. Some enthusiastic admirer, likely, calling to express his appreciation of your effort last evening. It is a shame to have kept him so long waiting. Pray go to his relief. Shall I mail this letter with mine?"

"Please."

The waiting visitor, who for half an hour had been pacing impatiently back and forth, wheeled sharply around as Pauline entered the room, and advanced to meet her with an unsmiling countenance.

She gave him her hand cordially. "This is a surprising pleasure, Mr. Bryan," she said, face and voice testifying to the sincerity of her words.

"I have had time to infer since you were notified of my presence here, that my visit was inopportune, if not disagreeable," he answered, pointedly.

"Pardon. There was some delay in the transmission of your message. I came instantly upon its delivery," was the smiling apology.

George Bryan bowed in cold acceptance of the excuse; but there was something so strange, not to say discourteous, in his usual suave manner, that Pauline felt chilled and offended, and would venture no farther remark—brief, embarrassing silence ensuing, in which they seated themselves distantly, each with eyes steadily averted from the other's face.

They had met but once since their hurried, troubled parting at Bryan Lodge, nearly a year before, but a constant correspondence

had been maintained in the interval, Pauline consenting to this upon condition that it should not be made a medium of urging his suit, to which he was unwilling to take a negative answer, and to which she would give no other until more fully assured that her regard exceeded the bounds of friendship, promising at the expiration of a year, if his mind remained unchanged, to reconsider his proposal, and give, if she could, from the heart an affirmative answer; but at all events a final one.

"I determined to respond in person to your last letter," George said at length, breaking the silence that had fallen between them.

Pauline bowed, and waited for him to proceed.

"And so came down yesterday, in order to be present at your 'Lecture' last evening," he continued, in a peculiar tone, fixing his eyes upon her face, which crimsoned to the forehead under his gaze.

"I did not tell you," she began, in a quick, breathless way, and paused, with an inquiring look.

"No, you did not invite me to attend—did not even hint when or where you were to make your debut in the rôle of public speaker; but confiding to me your contemplated scheme, I guessed very readily—knowing Mr. Marsh's progressive ideas—with whom it originated, and rightly conjectured that your first effort would be made under his superintendence. A few inquiries, and consultation with one of his printed circulars, gave me what information I desired, and, as I told you, I came in response to your last letter, and to witness your success in this new and rather bold undertaking."

Pauline's foot tapped the carpet nervously, and a red spot burned hotly in either cheek; but she did not reply, and another silence ensued.

"Pauline," spoke the gentleman again, in softer tones, rising and taking a seat near hers, "I was pained to see you in the position that you occupied last night. It was one which no man of true feeling could wish to see filled by the dear friend whom he hoped to call sometime by a tenderer appellation.

"I am sorry to have pained you," she answered, simply.

"If you had known my feelings, you would not have taken this step?" he asked, eagerly, glowing with pleasure in the anticipated reply.

"If I had not 'taken this step,' I should not have known your 'feelings,'" was the re-

response. "Frequently during our acquaintance we have touched in conversation and correspondence upon this and kindred matters, but you have always so ordered your speech that it was a concealment rather than an index to your true sentiments. If I had been aware of your feeling on this subject, however, I hardly think my action could have been different, since the necessity that forced me to it would have remained the same."

"I can see no necessity in the case," he said, with a dissatisfied air. "You knew that you had only to speak a single word, and a life of ease, luxury, and the retirement so dear to the heart of a true woman, could at once be yours."

"Mine," she answered, slowly; "but the comfort and happiness of others were concerned in the question I had to decide. The 'single word' that would have given me a life of luxury, would have reduced my friends to pauperism."

"Would they be more paupers if fed from my plenty than from your insufficiency?"

"Yes; because in your gifts there would be and they would taste the bitterness of dependence; but mine they can accept without feeling humiliated in the act; for in love more cannot be taken than is given; the exchange is always equal."

"But I would love them, too, for your sake. Your people should be my people," Bryan said, tenderly reaching out his hand in search of hers.

"Wooers sometimes promise more than husbands are pleased to pay," was the smiling rejoinder. "I do not doubt your generosity, but I shrink unaccountably from accepting it. It must be that I do not love you, or I could reconcile myself to the thought of yielding my cares to you without this miserable, depressing feeling of dependence and indebtedness; for in love, as I said, there is no indebtedness."

"I do not comprehend your nice distinctions," the gentleman answered, with a hint of scorn in his voice and on his lip. "I cannot, with pain, I am disappointed in you, Pauline. You are less than the woman I believed you, if you prefer to the sweet seclusion and quiet pleasures of domestic life, an engagement attended with many mortifications and a publicity that will not raise, but lower you in the respect of all good men. The instincts of true womanhood, it seems to me, would lead you to accept my offer, and relinquish at once this wild scheme, which evinces little more

than an unnatural craving for notoriety, since it gives no promise of the pecuniary profit that you profess to be seeking."

A brief pause for his words to take effect, and to allow the lady to defend herself; but she remained obstinately silent and—smiling.

"I am disappointed—disappointed," affirmed the gentleman, again, rising to his feet and beginning to pace slowly back and forth. "I fancied you a woman who, in woman's proper domain—the Empire of Home—would reign with grace, dignity and wisdom, finding there ample scope for all your powers, and cherishing no weak ambition to shine in walks appointed for the feet of man alone to tread. I believed you had that instinctive sense of the fitness of things, which must make clear to you the fact that woman's true power does not lie in haranguing the multitude, but in the exercise of those still, sweet, secret influences peculiar to her sphere, and which, small and insignificant as they may first appear, widen in ever broadening circles, until lost in the illimitableness of eternity. I thought you a woman content to conform to the order of nature, to be what God intended you—the inspirer and unseen prompter of noble thoughts and deeds, and a worker in rudiments, moulding into forms of beauty and impressing with the principles of love and justice plastic but immortal spirits, through whom, years hence, you would speak with a power and eloquence beside which such platform ravings as you last night gave us a sample of, sink into utter insignificance. I had faith in your recognition of and regard to a truth clearly manifest to eyes not wilfully blinded, that woman has no genius for the work you have undertaken—no powers which, so exercised, can win the attention and respect of the public; that if she have ideas (which is rare) that reflect new light on matters lying outside her own special province, she must communicate them by other means—it may be by the lips of her chosen and beloved."

Mr. Bryan came abruptly to a stop in his walk and speech, a faint flush tinging the whiteness of his forehead as by that mysterious agency which sometimes whisks us momentarily outside ourselves, and gives us "to see ourself as others see us," he was rendered suddenly conscious of the impression he was making. Certainly, his auditor could no longer complain that his speech furnished no index to his sentiments on one question, at least. He had rarely spoken with more freedom, never with more feeling, and in some alarm he

began to draw back to neutral ground, and assume his noncommittal face and manner.

"I humbly trust I am in some respects the woman you believed me," Pauline said, seeing that he waited for a reply. "But when I speak by the mouth of my 'chosen and beloved,' or when he speaks for himself, he will not lecture on the duties and relations of women, or presume to prescribe or circumscribe their work, having sufficient faith in and reverence for the wisdom of the Creator to suppose that He gives to each individual a juster sense of the use of his or her special faculties than He gives to any other, and as a consequence, women know their moral and social obligations as a class much better than men can teach them."

"You have taken a circuitous way to tell me to mind my own business," George answered, with a slightly embarrassed laugh. "Can you not see that the intent of my words was to challenge you to a defence of your newly assumed position?"

"If I thought it needed any defence, I would at once desert it," Pauline responded. "Voluntarily, I will not stand in any place where the act necessitates an apology. Words are superfluous here. I vindicate my position in holding it."

"But such vindication will hardly satisfy the people. They will want to know by what argument you demonstrate your right to hold it."

"Works are the most powerful arguments I know. If I cannot demonstrate my right by these, I will yield the situation, thereby making virtual confession of my incompetence, and apology for my pretensions."

"But," veering around to another point, "perhaps you will concede that woman's highest mission is not to shine in the lyceum, to speak by the ballot, nor to rule in legislative halls."

"Very freely, Mr. Bryan. I might consider the making of such a point as an insult to my common-sense, if I did not suppose you thought again my 'position challenged it.' But while I admit, nay, insist that woman's highest mission does not point her specially in the directions you have named, I declare my firm belief in her right to do whatever she has the ability to do—to shine, to speak, to rule, according to her gift, in any and every place from kitchen to senate, when the act involves no neglect of holier duties in her God-appointed relations. And of this matter she is to be the judge, and not another. It is a pure question

of conscience—and her own business—as all questions of conscience are. She cannot be compelled to fulfil her duties. Acts of legislation will not make—no, nor unmake—faithful wives and mothers. They may restrict women to what is named, and I do not deny is her 'proper sphere,' but this will not insure her discharge of the obligations pertaining thereto. It is a work of love. But you are leading me into too many words on this subject. Let us talk of something else."

"You are firm in your determination, then, to pursue the path in which you have taken the initial step, despite my wishes and remonstrances," Bryan said, with a smothered gleam of fire in his partially veiled eyes.

"I am sorry to disregard your wishes, but my resolution was formed before I knew them, and you do not show them grounded in reasons sufficient to persuade me to renounce it," was the answer.

"You will go forward—and downward?"

"I will go forward—and upward."

"Then," carried by excited feeling completely off his neutral ground again, "then you may consider our relations at an end. If you will persist in a course that you know to be in direct violation of my feelings, and in contradiction to the laws and uses of your own nature, you cannot suppose that in heart and purpose I will remain unchanged towards you? I have offered you love and marriage for the last time."

"Thanks for the assurance. I shall be relieved of the disagreeable necessity of refusing such offers. And now, Mr. Bryan, I think we had better part. You are not in the mood for saying pleasant things, and I am passionate and apt to retaliate when sharp words are thrust at me. There's no use in our standing in the attitude of combatants, firing our contrary opinions at each other, giving and receiving wounds that will be long in healing, and then leave scars as remembrancers of our conflict. We will agree to disagree on one question, at least. I harbor no unkind feeling towards you. Shall we say good-by like friends?"

Involuntarily his fingers closed in a warm pressure on the hand cordially extended, and he held it a fast prisoner while his eyes searched the face above it for some signs of relenting. He hated to part so. He felt uncomfortably conscious that he had not made the wisest use of his opportunity—that he was leaving a bad impression of his character and sentiments—that he had said a good many things which were not quite gentlemanly.

He! it seemed incredible; but then he was exasperated by the girl's coolness, and her indifference to his opinions.

"You will pardon any seeming rudeness I may have shown in this interview," he said, retaining the hand she was making an effort to withdraw. "You don't know what it is to a man of fine, true feeling, to think of the woman he loves best, standing conspicuously in public places, the observation and remark of curious crowds, who may watch the glow and sparkle of soul-light in her face, and drink the inspiration of her voice as well as he."

Pauline snatched her hand from his hold, partially relaxed by the look of impatience that flashed into her face. "There was to be

no more of this, you know," she said, moving towards the door. "If analyzed and traced to its source, the mawkish sentiment to which you allude may not be found among the highest of man's nature. Shall I send any one to you?"

"No one. I may consider myself dismissed?"

"I hear the stir of departure among some of the pupils with whom I wish to exchange a parting word. You will excuse me if I say good-by to you first?"

"Of course. My claims are nothing. You belong to the multitude."

She looked at him reproachfully, bowed, and went out.

(To be continued.)

FOSSIL PLANTS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS,

Lecturer on Botany in the Charing Cross Hospital College of Medicine, London.

"The study of vegetable fossils," says Professor Henfrey, "is far less satisfactory than that of animal remains, since, in the great majority of cases, plants are formed of very perishable material." By the study of the structure of a fossil bone or shell, we are enabled, in many instances, to recognize the genus and even the species of animal to which it belonged; but it is far otherwise with plants. "The vegetable bodies which can resist the long-continued action of water, are few, and these furnish only characters of large sections of the vegetable kingdom, without furnishing generic, far less specific distinctions."

It is therefore probable that the fossil plants which have hitherto been found, only partially represent the former plant-creations which preceded and prepared the way for the present one, and there is no denying that ideas obtained from fossil plants must be necessarily superficial and very speculative. There is, however, a sufficient amount of evidence furnished by vegetable fossils to prove satisfactorily that the first plants did not originate from seed, but from spores. They were undoubtedly flowerless plants, such as lichens, mosses, club-moss trees (*Lepidodendra*), and tree-ferns; these formed for a long succession of ages a leading feature in the vegetation of the ancient world. All naturalists are agreed that the earth's surface was originally covered with the ocean, and gradually, owing to volcanic

activity, first appeared above the universal waters in the form of islands. But when the first rocks emerged from the primeval ocean, they must have been without any humus or vegetable mould. Therefore, the first plants which grew on the land must have been such as could draw from the atmosphere and rain-water all their supplies of food, and create their own humus, by decaying through successive generations. Now we know that the very lowest tribe of Cryptogamic plants, lichens, mosses, and algae or sea-weed, are alone capable of forming thus humus, and they would seize upon the newly-emerged rocks, exactly as we find them to-day on the rocks which bound our sea-shores or the margin of our rivers. It is true that the fossil remains of lichens and mosses have not been found, but these plants, doubtless, existed in the greatest abundance, because they are ever associated with ferns, which as fossils are found in the greatest profusion in almost every geological formation. Besides, it must be borne in mind that the preservation of plants as fossils necessarily depends on their structure, and that these lower forms of Cryptogamous or flowerless plants, lichens and mosses, are totally devoid of that woody and vascular structure which enters into the composition of the higher plants.

The vascular and woody cryptogams have, however, been found in the greatest plenty as

ossils. But they all belong to species and genera long since extinct. The vascular Cryptogams of this remote period consisted of gigantic trees with the most simple foliage, having cylindrical stems without leaves; the tall columnar calamite, the Lepidodendron, which appears to have been only a gigantic Lycopodium or club-moss, and tree-ferns, with an undergrowth of herbaceous plants, having neither flowers nor fruit, but carrying in their place simple sporules. The tree-ferns whose remains are so abundant in the coal formation—like at Pottsville, in Pennsylvania, and Newcastle, in England—would only grow in a warm, moist climate; and the calamite, which is closely allied to our common Equisetum or Horsetail, now of a very diminutive size, would grow only in marshy lowlands.

The marine algae or seaweed, and probably the most simple forms of them, were in reality the first vegetable inhabitants of our globe. They would naturally form in the shallowing waters as soon as the rocks had risen sufficiently near to the surface of the ocean to catch the rays of the sun; and when land was at last visible, and here and there an island was to be seen rugged and lorn, it would become covered with lichens, mosses and ferns, the first offspring of the young creation.

There can be no doubt whatever, also, from the specimens and fragments of plants left in the oldest sedimentary rocks, that the first flowering land plants were swamp plants. They appear to have been Cyperaceous plants or sedges, and water lilies (*Nymphaceae*). Indeed, the vegetative remains would seem to indicate for ages a swampy condition of things. The evidence from fossil plants shows that as the land became more elevated and free from water, Cycadaceae, or plants allied to the sago palm, and coniferous trees, such as the pine and fir, with needle-shaped leaves and inconspicuous flowers of extreme simplicity of organization, were added to these Cryptogamous forests of the primeval world.

Coniferous trees, such as the pine, fir, larch, and cedar, also ferns, club-mosses, mosses and lichens, are therefore among the most ancient vegetable inhabitants of the earth. Land and sea have repeatedly changed places, but these types of the vegetable world have continued to survive, ever ornamenting the planetary surface, notwithstanding all the mutations to which that surface has been subjected. They have descended to us from the earliest periods of the creation. The ancient natural order, Conifers, from the earliest geological periods

until now, has been in existence, and in new varieties and splendors has continued to be developed.

Amentiferous or catkin-bearing trees, which are admitted to be low in organization with inconspicuous flowers, such as the willow, birch, beech, hazelnut, poplar and hornbeam, preceded true-leaved trees with conspicuous flowers in the plan of creation. Among trees with flowers more highly developed and conspicuous, the tulip poplar (*Liriodendron*) appears to be an ancient forest form; so, also, trees belonging to the Leguminosae or the pea tribe, such as the honey locust (*Gleditsia*) and the false acacia (*Robinia*). All these trees had a prior existence to trees bearing edible fruits and flowers, still more highly organized and belonging to the natural order, Rosaceae; as, for example, those favorite and justly-prized fruit trees, the apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and apricot; these trees seem to have been coeval with the first appearance of man, as their remains are found only in, comparatively speaking recent geological formations.

The most important fact taught by fossil plants, is that the organic and inorganic creation slowly assumed its present appearance; and the evidence would seem to lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that changes take place in the organization by which their forms become adapted to the everchanging landscape. Just as the present form of a grand and venerable tree, which appears to us to be fixed, but in reality is as fleeting and evanescent as all the other forms through which that tree has passed from its first life-movement in the seed, is the final result of a long series of antecedent changes; so it is with the globe which we inhabit. The present appearance, or rather phase of creation, is the necessary result of a long succession of antecedent changes, of which the earth's crust has preserved the memorial; and the present arrangements of land and water, the forms of our herbaceous plants, shrubs and forest trees, are now no more fixed or unalterable than at any previous epoch. Nothing on earth is permanent if there is any truth in the teachings of the past and any constancy in nature.

In order to appreciate the evidence on which those conclusions rest, it is necessary for the reader to be a thoroughly practical botanist, acquainted with the plants of different localities and climates. In a word, fossil plants plainly teach this lesson, and that, too, in a language which cannot be misunderstood,

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vis., that flowerless plants of a low type of organization were first created, and are therefore the oldest inhabitants of the globe; that the more highly organized flowering plants have been introduced in succession, commencing with those having inconspicuous leaves and flowers, characterized by the greatest amount of structural simplicity, as, for example, Coniferous and Amentiferous trees; and lastly, the evidence shows that the most highly organized flowering plants; that is to say, herbs, shrubs and trees with conspicuous flowers, have all been created at a comparatively speaking modern geological period.

These views of Nature tend greatly to enlarge our ideas of a Divine Providence. To think that through the all but eternal ages during which our planet has gone on rolling round the sun, its plant-covering should have been continually improving in beauty, variety and grandeur, and this, too, notwithstanding all the convulsions to which its crust has been subjected, visible everywhere in its shattered and uplifted strata! Fossil plants may be truly regarded as the remains of a system of vegetable life, developed under external conditions, which are no longer the same in any part of the earth. The calamite, lepidodendron, and other extinct forms of vegetation on which our sun once shone, have disappeared forever as living agents from the surface of our planet, because they have finished the work which Providence assigned them. They probably could not live in the present world, but they helped to carry on the work of creation whilst they did live. And the same remarks apply to the present living plant-tenants of our globe. There is not a lichen, moss or fern, a flower or forest tree, wherever growing, which is not now contributing its part to the advance of Nature; and all are just as beautifully adapted to the present stage of the world's progress. In this respect, the hyssop, which springeth out of the wall, and the cedar of Lebanon, the insignificant and great, are alike important, because united with each other in inseparable bonds.

Reader, if you cultivate a garden, as I hope you do, you can see the beginning and end of the lowly plants growing around your dwelling, and you know that they put forth a regular cycle of appendages, of leaves, flowers and fruits. It is the same with the forest trees, whose life history covers a longer space of time. Now if the cycle of life-changes which form collectively the life of a flower or tree, is conducted on plan and system, why

not the associated series of plant-creations which have preceded and prepared the way for the present one? I cannot help feeling that there is order and pre-arrangement in all these onward movements; and the wonder is that, despite the convulsions which have repeatedly shattered the planetary surface, vegetation should have gone on improving in variety, loveliness and grandeur.

And now the most beautiful day of the creation has dawned, and the sun shines forth from the heavens through a pure and healthy atmosphere, clear and without a cloud. Our planet is now stable, no more empoisoned gases escape from its interior, and no more destructive revolutions menace the tranquillity of its surface. Peace is at length established among the opposing forces of Nature, which appear to have been reconciled only to achieve in man the last grand act of creation. The germ of his being existed from the first origin of things to his introduction, all the changes of the past clearly point. The destiny of man, although through storm, will still be upward and onward. Or at least the onward progress of Nature through the countless ages of the past, should inspire that confidence.

THE BRAIN IN SLEEP.—The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep, is derived from the observation of a woman at Montpellier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. "When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming, it became elevated; and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture." This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals; and the same result has been seen; namely, that in sleep, the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernible.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."—Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before." What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy, could afford nothing so sweet or touching.

JUST A FLIRTATION.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Just a flirtation; nothing more serious, I assure you. He amuses me, I seem to amuse him—there lies the whole affair in a nutshell."

"Just a flirtation!"

The first speaker had uttered the three words in a gay, careless tone, with a laugh that displayed the curves of a pretty mouth, two rows of pearly teeth, and the daintiest of dimples on a round chin and in rosy cheeks. She was standing before a mirror twisting flowers into her hair. Very winsome, graceful and beautiful she looked in her airy evening dress, with the myrtle twisted in her glossy curls.

But as the echo of her words fell upon her ear, the smile faded from her face, and she turned to her companion with a look of surprise that was almost terror. The measured, stern tone suited well the grave, sad face of the elderly lady who had spoken them.

"Just a flirtation," she echoed, rising as she spoke. "Take heed, Eleanor Browning; flirts have been murderers before now. James Hill is not a man to flirt with. He is too noble, too good and true to be the plaything of a coquette. I shall tell him how you regard his attentions." And before Eleanor could reply, Mrs. Wilkins went from the room.

"I wonder who made her my judge and adviser?" said the young girl, pettishly. "She takes strange liberties for a mere acquaintance. Being James Hill's aunt, does not make her my dictatress. I wonder if she will tell him what I said? I don't care," and she tossed her head defiantly. "Only eight o'clock! I won't go in to the hop yet. I wonder if she will tell him?" she thought again. "Pshaw! why should I care?"

And yet she did care. She sat down by the window and looked out upon a wide stretch of beach, and beyond that the the tossing, gleaming waves of the broad Atlantic glittered in the soft moonlight. Here and there were groups of strollers, who had come out from the heated ball-room into the cool sea-air. Gay laughter floated up to the window, low murmurs of distant voices crept there too, and Eleanor wondered if some of them bore the burden of the same dream she had led James Hill into.

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Sitting there, half musing, half mocking her own thoughts, she thought the summer over. She had come from her New York home tired of gayety, and thinking she was weary of being a belle. Yet she had entered into all the pleasures of the fashionable watering-place with the keenest zest. Fêted and courted as the only child and heiress of a wealthy father; admired for her beauty and the sparkling talents she evinced in music and conversation, few had deemed it worth while to seek for any inner treasures of heart and soul. She had been the spoiled child of fortune from her infancy, and perhaps the keen blade of criticism had never cut, one of her remarks till now.

"Flirts have been murderers before now," she said in her heart, and forthwith rose the memory of the list of cavaliers who had danced attendance upon her for the last two years. There was not one where her vanity could flatter itself with execution to death. They could all flirt, flatter, pine, sentimentalize and recover; but—but—James Hill was of different metal. He was in earnest. A self-made man, who had struggled up from ignorance to eminence in his profession—law. A man who had never been in the round of society, who knew nothing of fashion's glitter and empty forms. A man who had lived a deep, true life, and who had come now for rest from mental labors, and to attend the wishes of his aunt, who was fast sinking under a fatal disease.

It was hard to say how such a man had come into the train of Eleanor's lovers, but there he was, and she singled him out for special favor. Her conscience was not easy, as she sat in the moonlight recalling the flirtation. She had let him see far into the recesses of her heart, half unconsciously opening to his earnest, sincere nature all that was true and real in her own. Long walks and long talks came to her memory, and she became restless as she thought of how she had opened her soul's chambers to the eye of the man who she felt in her inmost heart loved her.

"Dreaming in the moonlight?"

The voice roused her. "Aunt Edith," she said, looking up, "did you not tell me Mrs. Wilkins was an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Yes; but I have not seen her since we left school, until this summer."

"She is very cross and disagreeable."

"Hush, Nellie—hush! She is broken-hearted. She is dying of grief."

"Auntie!"

"I had a long talk with her this morning. Shall I tell you what she told me?"

"Yes. I like a story, you know."

"This is a sad one. When I knew Ellen Wilkins, or, as she was then, Ellen Lawson, she was one of the brightest, happiest girls in our school, in full health, with beauty, talent and wealth, a favorite of fortune. Two years after leaving school she married a gentleman to whom she was devotedly attached; to this day she cannot mention him without tears, and still wears weeds, though he died thirty years ago. Perhaps this is morbid, but it is true. One year after her marriage she was a widow, and a little daughter of two weeks old lay in her arms, fatherless. This child became her idol. I cannot tell you all the love she manifests in the mention of her name. She watched her grow to womanhood, training every impulse of her heart to bear the fruit of cultivation and education. No voice but her own taught her, and the fondest love existed between them, till at eighteen Myra—her name was Myra—fell in love. She gave all the pure, true love of an untried heart to a man who was only flirting to pass away a summer. Her mother was ill with the seeds of the disease that is now incurable, and Myra was under the care of a friend whose son thus violated the sacred charge. He flirted, and she loved, and when the summer ended and they parted without one word of the love she had believed her own passing his lips, she drooped and died. Does this seem unnatural? It is true. Her mother in vain sought to check a low nervous fever that succeeded weeks of forced, feverish excitement, and when the last hours came, found the long-sought clue to the change in her child. She died of a broken heart, and her mother is fast following her to the grave."

"But men do not die of love?" The words sprang half unconsciously to Eleanor's lips.

"They may die a mental death that is worse. A man become cynical, hard and cold, may lose his faith in woman's truth and sincerity, may lose his trust and hope for happiness. Is not that death, Nellie? Death to the noblest, purest impulses of nature, death to hope, death to peace of mind, death to all that makes life dearest. Nay, worse; men have so died mentally from such a sorrow that they have become unbelievers in the faith of

their childhood, and turned religious scoffers in the overwhelming bitterness of the anguish of such a blow."

A long silence fell upon the room. The moon threw long, silvery rays upon Nellie's face and dress, and showed the cheeks pale, and the eyes growing earnest and deep.

After awhile, she whispered—"Go down, auntie. I will join you in our parlor in a little while."

And when she was alone, she knelt down by the chair and prayed. Softly, purely the moonlight mantled the little figure in its soft snowy robes of lace, with the flowers drooping among the curls. The uplifted face was pale, the raised eyes full of penitence and yet hopeful, the white hands clasped as if in pain, and the lips moved with whispered petitions for pardon and guidance.

She was in no mood for the ball-room, so she went to her aunt's private parlor. There was no one there, and again she sat by the window and looked out on the beach.

"Miss Browning!"

She had not heard him come in, but he stood there before her, stern and pale. She looked up with a smile, but the lips quivered so that it was only an imitation, after all.

"I came to say farewell," he said, still standing there. "I am foolish, perhaps, to seek you again, knowing now the estimation in which I am held. I had believed you, Eleanor Browning, a true, noble woman—one whom to win, would make a man's life happy beyond expression—" His voice broke here, spite of all efforts to be calm. "I had believed you—oh, Nellie! Nellie! say it is not true. You have not played with me. I have loved you so dearly—so truly. You are not so false—so fickle."

It was fearful to see the agony on that face so calm and grave by nature, to hear the cold voice broken and pleading as if for life. But he was shaken to the heart, and Eleanor was almost terrified to see how he loved her. He had half turned from her as he finished his passionate appeal, and she rose to stand beside him.

"I have done very wrong," she said, humbly, "but if you will forgive me—"

"Nellie—my Nellie!" he said in a whisper.

"Yours if you can forgive me," she said.

"Forgive is not a word between us two," he said, as he folded her closely in his arms. "I love you with my whole heart. Do you love me, Nellie?"

She lifted her clear brown eyes to his face, and he read his answer there.

TEARS.

A LEAF FROM MARY'S LIFE.

BY JENNIE GAIGE.

The fountain of my grief was dry; no tears floated before me. I was travelling a long way alone. came to my relief. My husband! my children! where were they? All swept away by the remorseless flood which devastated the city—the flood of Death that flowed in the pathway of the Pestilence! Even their dear forms were carried from my sight ere they were yet cold, and lain where I could never mark the spot! Oh, how ardently I prayed that I, too, might be called; but God had said—“Not yet.”

Ye who have known many tears, think not that ye have known great sorrow, but pray that ye may never know the utter bitterness of a grief too deep for tears.

In those days I thought of the sorrows that had before passed over my head (and they had not been few), but tears had washed them away, and how trivial, now, they seemed to have been. I thought of my past joys, but they only added to the bitterness of my misery for now, alas, all joys were past forever! The smiles and caresses of the loved ones came back only as a mockery of what was to be mine no more. Now they are the remembrance on which love feeds, and the staff of faith that leads me on, and bids me be patient and do the labor allotted unto me until God calls me.

In those hours of darkness, friends came to me and preached submission; but let them preach! What did they know of agony such as mine? Ministers of religion came and offered me the consolations of faith; but my faith was blinded, and my heart was steeled against them; my eyes were burning and drying up in their sockets; my lips were parched; I had neither slept nor tasted food for the last three days.

At last there came a gentle girl to my side, so much like a child that she reminded me of my lost ones, and so fair that my clouded mind imagined her an angel come to bear me, too, away. She offered no empty words of consolation or resignation. She only bathed my brow and pressed the cooling draught to my lips, and smoothed down my hair with so gentle a touch that at last I forgot my grief, and fell asleep. The visions of green fields, and broad rivers, and plains and deserts,

Then I came to a deep and broad river, and though others passed through it, yet I went over it, “Because,” said one, “if thou wettest thy feet in its waters, thou canst not return; and thy earth-work is not yet done.”

Then new beauties sprang up around me—fairer scenes than I had ever dreamed of; but they were naught to me, for I had not yet found what I sought.

At last, in a beautiful garden, I beheld my loved husband, while around him played my children, and all wore a happier expression than I had ever seen them wear in life. At the sight, tears—not those of sorrow, but of joy—filled my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. But before I could speak, a sweet voice said to me—“This is real; repine not, therefore, that you must wait, for earth has yet work for you to do. As you would obtain a place with the loved ones, strive to do it well.”

I awoke; but tears once started, now flowed free, while, as if an angel had pointed to them, there seemed to shine in letters of gold, all those sweet words of the Bible which tell of a life after death, until my heart echoed the words that had sounded in my dream—“It is real,” and that sweet friend who had soothed me to rest, murmured softly—“God’s promises are true.”

Through that dreadful time of the pestilence, by the beds of the sick and dying, I found my work; and through the long years which have passed since that time, where the suffering, the sick and the destitute have needed such help as I could give, there have I found my toil, and with God’s help I have striven to do it well.

Soon I may be called; and then, I pray, place on my tombstone only these words—“No longer waiting.”

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

BESSIE'S TEST.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

Bessie had her choice to make. It was not absolutely the choice of a husband. Oh, dear, no! But when young ladies have admirers in *ess*, it is very natural for them to think of husbands in *posse*. Or else, what were the use of lovers, you know? They may be a little ornamental; but, in this busy world, it will not do to sacrifice too much to mere ornament. Life is too practical for that. And hence, in behalf of the sex, we maintain that the women (notwithstanding what men may pretend to say,) have the greater part of the trouble, and more than their share of the expense, of courtship. Therefore, they should not concede too much time to gallants, except to such as, in a proper contingency, they would be willing (and something more) to receive as husbands. Ladies, of course, need not interpret every word and every look as hinting or pointing at matrimony. They may have gentlemen as acquaintances, and receive from them ordinary civilities, without any more pledging their affection in so doing, than if the gentlemen were ladies. The difference of sex does not necessarily imply an entire difference in the rules of intercourse. There are some circumstances under which the ladies and gentlemen may meet upon common ground, and forget the distinction of male and female.

And young ladies may flirt a little—just a very little; though flirting is dangerous amusement. So is skating—if you do not look out for the weak places, and avoid the danger of plunging in. Wise young women, however, do not even flirt except with a proper “party.” The same caution is proper for gentlemen. There is no knowing what complications may grow out of a flirtation too long continued. The net is not spread in the sight of any bird; and you, my pretty dove, may not suspect what that fowler of a man is doing. Nor may you, oh, “bird of freedom,” know what toils the fascinating witch you admire, may be furtively contriving. The victim, she or he, may be snared before the danger is suspected.

Bessie was pretty, and very attractive. Bessie was wise, and very cautious; and she had that most refined habit of caution, which watches without betraying itself. She had no end of admirers, and knew how to be civil to them all, and could so conduct her courtesies as not to seem to give marked preference to any one, or to treat any with offensive neglect. But, in spite of all her defensive movements, she perceived that there were two gentlemen of her circle who had adroitly managed to distance all the rest, and whose wits were constantly exercised to supplant each other. And she saw that she must extinguish the hopes of both, or decide upon one. They were not, however, disposed to be extinguished, and seemed at last, tacitly to throw the burden of the choice upon her. This was hard, perhaps, but fair. For “the days are gone, when beauty bright” had only to wait till one of two impetunate lovers killed the other, and then accept the survivor. The world has grown sadly unromantic; coroners’ juries, and grand juries, and petit juries, come in without fear or favor between the savage promptings of knighthood and that romantic denouement of true love, which gave the lady fair to the brave knight who had silenced his rival summarily. Marriage in these degenerate times has come to be very much a thing of bakers’ and butchers’ bills, dry goods, groceries, rent, insurance and taxes. The golden days are no more, when a gallant knight and a fair lady, however before the wedding the sky were overcast, had only to be married to live happily, and die lamented.

Bessie was a decidedly practical little body, and did her own thinking. She had two brothers. Now boys are awful, as is proved by the concurrent testimony of all sisters. All women who write novels, now-a-days (or almost all), make the mischief of the plot to turn upon the wicked, or, at best, the rude, unfeeling, and unreasonable conduct of the brothers of the heroine. Boys are born (in novels,) only to torment their sisters, to exasperate their fathers, and to break their mothers’ hearts.

We are not going to commit ourself to either side of the question. But admitting, for argument’s sake, that all young men are atrocious, it must be conceded that there are among them different degrees of atrocity. Now, Bessie knew which of her two brothers she liked best, and she reasoned that he was the one who would make the better husband; and she knew that

she preferred him, because he was kinder to her, and more considerate in regard to her wishes and her comfort. If he was less brilliant than the other, he was infinitely more agreeable. And thus it was that Bessie came to adopt the test by which she would prove her swains, and elect between them.

For Bessie, as we have said, was compelled to choose. She cast about in her mind to discover how the proof should be applied, and the Eureka was not long in coming. She tried the gold of the one, and found it genuine, and the quality of the other showed itself base metal. Though we are telling truth, it is not necessary to give real names; so let the swains be designated as A and B. Bessie set herself to watch how the sisters represented their brothers, rightly judging that their incidental testimony would not be far from correct; the more correct, because undesigned. She perceived that the Misses A seemed to regard her as an intruder, and almost an enemy; and she suspected—"A neglects them for me; and not for me only, but he prefers anybody out of his home to those within it. The sisters dislike him, and me of consequence, because of him."

The Misses B, on the other hand, met her with perfect ease and frankness. They treated her as if they were predisposed to think well of the person whom their brother liked, and were ready to trust in his estimate of character.

The sisters of A, when they met, entertained her with the stereotype complaints, to which we have alluded, against all brothers. They sometimes rated A in good set terms; pretending jocoseness, perhaps, but betraying much feeling. The sisters of B spoke of him only incidentally, and then in the language of interest and affection. The Misses A complained of neglect with a certain malicious betrayal of jealousy. The Misses B conversed as if they were in the habit of receiving brotherly attention—too much accustomed to it to make it the subject of any special remark. The Misses A quoted their brother only to ridicule his opinions, as if they thought that in his preference for Bessie he was as much a dunce as in everything else. The sisters of B seemed to regard his judgment as clear and excellent, and in nothing better exhibited than in his choice of friends.

The Misses A appeared to regard all men as fools, and their brother as the most precious specimen of his sex. The Misses B did not trouble themselves to pronounce judgment on the male half of human kind as a body, and

evidently had no prejudice against their brother because he was a man. This showed, at least, that in him it was to be considered that they possessed rather an estimable specimen of the ruder sex.

There happened an event about those days, while Bessie was looking for a way out of her dilemma, in which the whole neighborhood, and we might add, the whole country was interested. It was the passage of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, through the United States. He was to be received and fêted in a neighboring town, and all who could desired, to see the man, and to hear his wonderful eloquence.

"You are going to hear Kossuth?" asked Bessie of the Misses A.

"We? oh, no!" one of them replied. "We have begged and entreated brother to take us over, but he is hardly civil about it. He has too much to do; he don't see why a foreigner should be run after with so much eagerness; he thinks ladies are altogether too much drawn from their domestic duties by public men and political affairs; he likes women to keep within their own sphere. But, I guess he thinks the sphere of some women is wider than that of others. You are going, of course, whether we go or not?"

"I cannot say," answered Bessie, not in the least betraying that she appreciated this home thrust; "I have made no arrangements in reference to seeing the gallant Hungarian."

"Oh, you have no occasion," said the sisters, as they took their leave—"other people can make arrangements for you."

Bessie said nothing, but she thought—who ever makes arrangements for me, must make them *with* me, or they reckon without their host.

It was not long before the Misses B called in their turn. Kossuth was the theme again, and these young ladies were enthusiastic in his praise. They knew his history; all the dangers he had encountered, the labor he had performed, and the sacrifices that he had made. Their admiration was unbounded for the man who could, in the midst of the excitement of a revolution, make himself an accomplished orator in a foreign language, and speak it even more correctly than many who were to the manor born. The Misses B treated it as a fixed fact, that they should both see and hear Kossuth, and they discussed their expectations with the confidence of persons whose pleasure was assured to them.

Meanwhile, the suitors, A and B, had arranged in their own minds the order they

were to take with Bessie. A suspected that his sisters had called on the young lady, and in revenge huffed them on suspicion, without telling them why. But when he called on Bessie with his invitation, he was all suavity and politeness. It is really wonderful what different aspects the same face may be made to wear. He asked in the set ball-room terms the honor and the pleasure of accompanying Bessie to hear a statesman whom he considered the miracle of the century. Everybody, men, women and children, should do him honor. And so he went on, in a well conned speech, which would have answered not so badly as a formal welcome to Kossuth himself.

"It is evident," thought Bessie, as he talked, "that the man has two sets of opinions; one for his sisters, and one for me." And when his eloquence was exhausted, and it came Bessie's turn to speak, she was "very sorry that she must decline the polite invitation, which, notwithstanding, she appreciated as it deserved."

"Have you another engagement?" asked the astonished swain. He was sure he had anticipated his rival, and could ill brook a refusal where in his modesty he had counted upon consent as a certainty.

"It is hardly polite to press a lady with such questions," was Bessie's evasive, but good-humored reply. And so the young man, with what affected composure he might, bowed himself out. His wrath was evident in his face, as soon as his back was turned upon the lady. For, if the truth must be told, he had announced to his particular friends (not his sisters,) how he was going to see Kossuth, and with whom! So he went home, and huffed those unfortunate girls still more; and common sense belies him if he did not also insult his mother.

But did not Bessie really wish to hear and to see Kossuth? To be sure she did; and a little bird had whispered to her that she would certainly have the opportunity. And even if the opportunity did not come, she would not, for the sake of a day's pleasure, entail upon herself temporary vexation, at least, if not trouble for a lifetime.

In due time B called. He knew his sisters had seen Bessie, for they had chatted with him about the call, both before they made it, and afterwards. He said he had room in his carriage for Bessie, if she would do himself and his sisters the pleasure to avail herself of it. He contrived, without saying so in so many words, to make her understand that he had thought of her from the first, and had supple-

mented his plan with such arrangements as would enable his sisters and one or two of their friends to share in the pleasure of the excursion. He trusted that the party would enjoy the exchange of comment and opinions quite as much as they would the words and manner of the orator. Bessie, we need hardly say, found no difficulty in consenting to go.

If A was angry when he only suspected, towering was his wrath when he knew that the young lady accepted the politeness of his rival. He was convinced, though Bessie had evaded his question, that she was *not* pre-engaged at the time he called. His wrath against his sisters, if it had been directed against the oppressors of Hungary, would have furnished Kossuth with "material aid," which phrase some of our readers may remember as one of the patriot's coining. Perhaps his sisters mocked him with his disappointment. And perhaps they gave him more than a hint that they had contributed to that result. Spite is only pleasant and piquant to those who enjoy it, when they can manage to make the person who is annoyed know, or at least infer, who has done the mischief.

And that was the way in which Bessie decided the case between the rivals. We do not mean to say that her making one of a party which was carefully guarded against any appearance of committal, pledged Bessie to Mr. B, or him to her. She had still her freedom of choice, or of rejection remaining. But this very freedom pleaded for him whose delicacy to her, and kindness to his sisters had left her uncommitted.

And the Hungarian patriot, who covered the people of this nation with "Kossuth hats," (a fashion which they have not yet lost) was instrumental in crowning Bessie and Mr. B with whatever happiness may arise from a well-assorted marriage. From that day, A retreated and B advanced; and the latter, after due probation, was formally accepted, "for better, for worse;" and he proved to be "for better." The man who is a good son and a good brother, seldom, of his own fault, fails to make a good husband.

And A—what became of him? He is married, too; such men always are. But from the subdued and meekly deprecating look of his patient and pretty wife, we very much doubt whether she is glad of it, whatever he may be.

Of this old man let this just praise be given: Heaven was in him before he was in Heaven.

THE WIFE OF OUR NEW MINISTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There had been a pastoral change in our congregation. The people, after a ten years' trial of good old Mr. Wharton, and his amiable, compliant wife, came to the conclusion that a different kind of preacher, with a different kind of wife, would vastly improve their spiritual condition. There was a lack of strength about Mr. Wharton (so it was alleged), and certain prominent ladies in the church had wished (aloud) so often that Mrs. Wharton were less old-fashioned in her ways, that change, sooner or later, had come to be a settled thing in the minds of a majority. It was simply a question of time; and time settled the question. The change was made. Old Mr. Wharton and his wife retired, and Rev. Mr. Newton and his wife took their places in the pastorate of the congregation—I say “Mr. Newton and his wife,” for our people think, or used to think, that when they “hired a minister,” they hired his wife, also, and regarded her duties among them in quite as high a light as they did the duties of her husband.

I happened to be away from the village at the time this change was made, and did not return until after Mr. Newton and his wife had been doing duty for something over three months.

“How do you like the new minister?” was among the first of my inquiries.

“He’s a charming preacher, Mrs. B——,” was the reply I received on every hand. Yet I saw, by the manner of my friends, that some drawback existed.

“How do you like his wife?”

Ah! The little mystery was explained. Mr. Newton was well enough. But his wife!

“What kind of a woman is she?” I asked.

“Don’t know. Can’t make her out,” was the vague answer received.

“Is she anything like Mrs. Wharton?”

“Oh dear, no! I only wish she was. Why, she doesn’t take a particle of interest in the church. Hasn’t been to one of the monthly concerts for prayer; nor to the weekly sewing circle; nor even to the Sabbath-school.* We calculated entirely on her taking the senior girls’ class which Mrs. Wharton taught for so many years; and a committee of ladies waited on her with an invitation to do so; but she actually declined, declaring that she had neither taste

nor aptitude for teaching! Now, what do you think of that for a minister’s wife? Did you ever hear the beat of it?”

I saw, at a glance, that there was trouble ahead; Miss Phoebe Lane, who made me this communication, was an active “circulating medium” in the congregation. She knew everybody’s business, talked to everybody, and acted as opinion-maker to a large majority of ladies, who had too much to do in their families to have time for independent thinking in church matters.

I must confess that I felt a sort of liking for Mrs. Newton on this representation of Miss Lane. Mrs. Wharton had been such a pliant subject in the hands of my spinster friend, and a few like her, that an involuntary respect was created for a minister’s wife, who, in coming among us, could from the beginning show that she had an individuality of her own, and meant to hold by it.

Two or three days’ intercourse with the members of the congregation satisfied me that Mrs. Newton would not do for the “Church of St. Charity.” Mr. Newton was a delightful man! Such a preacher! So active in all the interests of the Society! So pious! So humble-minded! But his wife! No woman could be less suited to her condition. It was even doubted whether she were a professor! Phoebe Lane was positive about it; and averred that she didn’t believe there was a spark of piety in her soul. How a man like Mr. Newton could ever have mated himself with such a wife was regarded by Miss Lane as one of the inexplicable mysteries. “A man like Mr. Newton, who might have had his choice among women!”

I went to church with no ordinary feeling of interest on the Sabbath following my return. Whether my leading impulses were of the earth, earthly, or of heaven, heavenly, I will not stop to question. Five minutes before the time for service to begin, a lady, just above the medium height, beautifully formed, and with a step of blended grace and dignity, passed along the aisle, leading a child by the hand, and took her seat in the minister’s pew. Though not in any sense gayly dressed, there was a style and an air about her that by no means indicated a pious disregard of worldly things. Taste evidently presided at her toilet. I noticed a

slight flutter running through the congregation, and the turning of many heads towards the minister's pew, which occupied the most prominent place in the church. The lady did not look around her, nor show the slightest sign of interest in the people. How different, in all things, was her appearance and bearing from that of good, kind, compliant Mrs. Wharton, whose pleasant, almost smiling face I had seen for so many years in that pew—a face turning, as by instinct, its mild sunlight ever and anon upon the congregation, while her husband broke for them the Bread of Life!

The contrast was hardly agreeable.

"She'll never do!" whispered a lady-shadow of Miss Lane's, bending to my ear from the pew just behind the one I occupied. "Proud as Lucifer, any one can see!" Such airs won't do for St. Charity."

"I made no reply. Though annoyed, I was yet sensibly influenced by the remark.

Very still, almost like a statue, sat Mrs. Newton, the minister's wife, and I could see that the child, a little girl six or seven years old, leaned very close to her. How I wished that she would turn towards the congregation! How I longed to see her face! But I was not granted this desire until after the morning's services were closed.

I was particularly pleased with Mr. Newton. His sermon, in contrast with the usual discourses I had listened to from the lips of Mr. Wharton, was a masterpiece of eloquence. No one seemed to listen to him with more rapt attention than Mrs. Newton.

At last the services closed, and the time came when my restless curiosity was to be satisfied. The minister's wife turned her face to the congregation, and I had a view of every feature. It was a face, once seen, to be remembered. Classic almost to severity in its outline, the full lips and soft hazel eyes gave to it a gentle expression. You saw at a glance that she was a woman of thought as well as feeling.

A few ladies gathered around her as she stepped from the pew, and I noticed that her countenance lit up very pleasantly as she spoke to them. But there was nothing obsequious; no undue familiarity, no wordy affability. A certain air of dignity and self-respect marked every attitude of her person, and every expression of her countenance. All vulgar familiarity towards her was out of the question—I saw that at a glance.

But only a few ladies in the congregation ventured to approach her. In the eyes of many

she was proud, and they were not "going to force themselves upon her notice." The prejudice admitted into their minds by others made them shun, rather than court her acquaintance. Of the few who did notice her, some were attracted by affinity, and some by a desire to gain a little reflected importance. Others thought it but hospitable to show her attentions, as a stranger among them, and acted accordingly; though the force-work was apparent. Desiring to meet her and make her acquaintance, I asked to be introduced, and was presented by a friend. I thought her reception rather cold; and so after passing a formal word or two, moved past her to speak to an old acquaintance whom I had not met for some time.

"How do you like our new minister's wife, Mrs. B——?" was almost the first question.

"Can't say. Must know something about her first," I answered.

"She'll not do for us!" said my friend, warmly. "She's not the woman for St. Charity!"

"What's the defect?" I inquired.

"It's all defect!" was the sweeping reply.

"Just look at her! A pretty thing for a minister's wife, indeed! Why, she carries herself with the air of a queen!"

"Mr. Newton," said I, "is a charming speaker. I never heard a more beautiful sermon."

"Oh, Mr. Newton is splendid!" replied my acquaintance, warmly. "But his wife! Oh, dear! it's dreadful! What could have possessed him to marry such a woman! She'll never suit us in the world—never, never! Why, I don't believe she's even a professor. She didn't stay to the communion on last Sunday! Just think of that—and she the minister's wife! It's been the talk of the congregation ever since! We fully expected her to take a class in the Sunday-school—but no! We invited her to be present at our sewing-circle—but no; she couldn't leave her children! A mere excuse! Then we elected her President of our Indian Missionary Society; but she declined the honor, saying that she had neither time nor taste for such public duties; that with her, charity, for the present, must begin at home. Now, isn't that a Christian spirit for you? Our minister's wife to talk of charity beginning at home! Why, she's a heathen!"

My church acquaintance waxed warm.

"Some of our people were eager enough to get rid of dear, good Mrs. Wharton," she added.

"She wasn't bright and fashionable enough for

them; but I rather think they've got their match now!"

I met, here and there, a lady of our church, who belonged to the home duty mind-your-own-business class, who did not join in this hue and cry against Mrs. Newton; who thought that, if she had neither taste nor inclination for Sabbath-school teaching, sewing-circles, or missionary societies, the congregation should not interfere with these peculiarities. She had three little children, to whom she gave all a mother's care; and as the slender income which her husband derived from the parish of St. Charity (four hundred a year and the parsonage) would warrant her to keep only a single domestic, a large part of her time had, necessarily, to be given to household duties. "Nobody can say," remarked one of these ladies, in my hearing, "that she neglects her children, or wastes her husband's income. The little parsonage has never looked so attractive inside or out as now. Mrs. Wharton was not tidy, as we all know, and things around her were generally at sixes and sevens. And as for her children, they were always neglected. Many times have I seen them playing in the dirt while their mother was at the sewing-circle, or somewhere else that she had no business to be."

But the ladies who talked in this way belonged to the "queer" ones of the congregation. They were not of the pious kind. So all they said went for nothing with the many.

Without "variableness or shadow of turning," as St. Paul says, did Mrs. Newton keep on her way. Home was her parish, and she was content to do her duty there. Occasionally she accepted an invitation to take tea and spend an evening abroad; but in most cases declined these pleasant entertainments, and though over three months had passed, there had yet been no tea-drinking at the parsonage. Mr. Newton, on the other hand, mingled very freely with his congregation—sat with them at their tables, and joined them in their social gatherings. Of course the absence of Mrs. Newton on these occasions always formed a subject of remark; and it was generally voted that her failure to accompany her husband seriously marred the pleasures of the evening.

"Ah, if his wife were only like him!"

This was invariably the sighing ejaculation of Miss Phoebe Lane, or some one of her party.

At last the matter assumed so serious a shape in the minds of certain leading ladies in the parish that it was determined to wait upon Mrs. Newton, and remonstrate with her on the

course of conduct she was pursuing—"A course of conduct," urged Miss Lane, "that is working untold injury in our church. Ever since she came here a change for the worse has been going on in the congregation. Members are growing cold or indifferent. Our sewing-circles are losing their interest, the monthly concerts of prayer are badly attended, and the Sabbath-school is dwindling away. The social sphere, always so warm and attractive under the genial influence of good Mrs. Wharton, is fast losing its power—and all from this strange conduct on the part of our minister's wife. She must be talked to on the subject! If she doesn't know her duty, she must be taught it. If she won't hear her husband, she must hear the congregation."

A committee of ladies—Miss Lane at the head of them, and voluntary spokeswoman—finally undertook to set Mrs. Newton right in regard to her duties to the parish of St. Charity, and formally waited upon her for that purpose. Curiosity prompted me to accept an offered membership in that committee. Let me picture the interview with Mrs. Newton.

We found her sitting in her orderly-arranged little parlor, her person as neat as everything around her, and her three children as sweet and pure as May blossoms. Two were playing on the floor, and the babe slept in the cradle, that was drawn so close to the mother that she could touch the rocker, if needed, with her foot. She was sewing on a shirt for her husband. Four ladies made up the committee—a formidable number. Mr. Newton was away, attending the funeral of a poor laborer's child—so the coast was clear, and the culprit in our power.

With an easy grace the minister's wife received us, and after we were all seated she stepped to the door and spoke to her girl, who was in the kitchen. A smart, tidy-looking domestic came forward, and Mrs. Newton said to her, with a kindness of manner that I could not help noticing—

"Take Aggy and George into the garden, Jane, and keep them till I call you."

"Yes, ma'am." The girl spoke very cheerfully. The two children sprang up instantly from the floor, and bounding from the room left us alone with Mrs. Newton and her sleeping baby.

A grave silence followed. The committee was embarrassed, but the minister's wife was entirely at her ease.

"We have come," said Miss Lane, after sundry preliminary throat-clearings and bridling

motions of the head peculiar to herself, "to have a little conversation with you about our church matters."

"Haden't you better talk on that subject with my husband?" was answered with the utmost self-composure. "It is his particular province."

"No, ma'am," said Miss Lane, her voice gaining emphasis; "we have no fault to find with Mr. Newton. He does his part entirely to our satisfaction."

"Oh! I understand," Mrs. Newton spoke as if light were breaking into her mind.

"Yes, ma'am," Miss Lane went on, "it is your duty in the church that we have come to talk about, not your husband's; and I hope you will not take it ill of us if we speak out plainly."

"Not by any means," replied Mrs. Newton. I noticed a slight quiver in her voice, a slight flushing of her cheeks, and a brightening of her soft hazel eyes. But it was plain that she was fully self-possessed, and in no way intimidated by this unexpected citation to answer for delinquencies.

"Not by any means," she repeated. "Speak out plainly, and if in anything I have been delinquent, I will confess my fault, and do all I can to lead a better life."

"Plain speaking is always best," said our mouth-piece, oracularly; "so we will speak plainly. The fact is, Mrs. Newton, you have failed almost entirely to meet the expectations of our people."

"Indeed! I am grieved to learn this," Mrs. Newton spoke seriously, but with no sign of disturbance. "I was not before aware that the people had any special claims upon me."

"No special claims upon you! Miss Lane uttered the words in undisguised astonishment.

"No special claims!" she repeated, "and you the wife of our minister!"

"What do you expect of me?" calmly inquired Mrs. Newton.

"We have already intimated our expectations in various ways. There is the girls' senior class in Sunday-school; that, of course, we expected you to take. And you are wanted on the Visiting Committee, and in our Missionary Society. Unless our minister's wife takes the lead in the temporalities of the church, nothing will prosper.

"Then," said Mrs. Newton, "it is understood, that while my husband's duties relate mainly to the spiritualities of the church, mine have special regard to its temporalities."

"Certainly, ma'am! You have expressed the difference of relation exactly," replied Miss

Lane, led on by the peculiar way in which Mrs. Newton put the question, to admit the existence of a very wide range of duties as required of that lady by the congregation of St. Charity.

"This is all new to me, ladies," said the minister's wife. "I was not aware before that any one in the congregation regarded me as having failed in duty."

"Every one so regards you." Our spokeswoman was a personage who used great plainness of speech.

"This should have been stated in the beginning," said Mrs. Newton. "How was I to know your views in the matter? I saw all of my husband's correspondence, but not a word was said about his wife or the parish requirements in her case. Now it appears that her range of duties is almost as wide as his. I ought to have known this before I came here, ladies; and I really think the complaint of failure in duty is against you instead of me. Let me ask, so as to reach a clear understanding of this matter, what salary you pay your minister's wife?"

"Salary!" gasped Miss Lane, her under-jaw falling, and her eyes projecting at least a quarter of an inch beyond their ordinary position.

"Salary!" she repeated, in a bewildered, half-confounded way.

"Yes," quietly replied Mrs. Newton; "the salary. You do not, of course, require the services of your minister's wife in the way you propose without compensation."

"Preposterous!" Miss Lane had recovered herself, and gained a little blind indignation with her partial self-possession. "Did any one ever hear of a thing so absurd! In hiring your husband for our minister——"

"You did not hire me!" interrupted Mrs. Newton, with calm dignity. "Bear that in mind, if you please."

"Thank you for the remark, Mrs. Newton," said I, coming almost involuntarily to her aid.

"It throws a flood of light upon the whole subject. True as Gospel! We did not hire you, and have no claim upon a single hour of your time. All that the Church of St. Charity has a right to ask of you is, that you do your duty as a wife and mother."

Mrs. Newton turned to me with a grateful look, and grasping my hand, said—

"Thank you, Mrs. B——"

A little while she paused; but no one spoke in the deep silence. I think some wholesome convictions of truth were finding their way even into the mind of Miss Lane, who, some-

how, reminded me of a wilted leaf, or a piece of stiffly starched muslin suddenly drenched with water.

"My husband's duties are clear," very evenly spoke Mrs. Newton—very kindly, yet very firmly and very lucidly. "My husband's duties are clear. He has come to you as a spiritual guide and instructor. His office is to point to Heaven and lead the way. It is a high and holy office. I honor him in it, and sustain him to the best of my ability. My duties are also clear. I am simply a wife and mother; and, God being my helper, I will faithfully discharge a wife and mother's sacred obligations. At present these duties take up all my time; and conscience will not permit me to neglect real duties for the performance of imaginary ones. In doing such duties I best serve the church. This is my religion, and I have learned it from the Bible."

She paused for a few moments. No one replying to her remarks, she went on:

"It has been alleged that I am not pious enough for the people here. Perhaps not. But of one thing you may all be certain; I am no hypocrite. I shall never put on a pious exterior to hide the want of charity in my heart. As I am, you will always see me."

Mrs. Newton paused again; but as none of her visitors showed any inclination to speak, she continued:

"My religion is somewhat peculiar, I believe. I do not keep it as a showy Sunday suit, but wear it every day. My essential worship consists in a daily discharge of my duties as a wife and mother; my formal worship, in the pious prostration of body and spirit before my Heavenly Father at set times, either in my closet or in the public assembly. The Sabbath, to me, is the golden clasp that binds together the circle of weekly duties. It is a blessing and a consolation, just in the degree that the worship of my six days has been essential worship."

"And are we to expect nothing of our minister's wife?" said Miss Lane, in a very subdued voice. She was evidently conscious of having made a great mistake in her estimate of Mrs. Newton's character.

"Nothing more than her duty as a woman. If she have qualities that will give her a leading social influence, and have time to spare from home duties—which are always first—she ought to let these qualities become active for good. But no more can, with justice, be required from her than any other woman in the congregation. Your contract for service

is with her husband, and not with her; and you have no more just claim upon her time, nor right to control her freedom, than you have upon the wife of your lawyer, doctor, or schoolmaster. It is this mistaken idea of the people in regard to minister's wives that is producing so much trouble in societies, and making wretched the lives of hundreds of poor women, who hardly dare say that their souls are their own. It is not enough that the minister's wife is expected to keep her house and clothe her children upon the lowest range of income, that will not allow her competent help, but she must spend half of her time in gossiping around among the idle or well-to-do ladies of the congregation—take part in their sewing-circles, and attend all their various meetings for good or doubtful purposes.

"Now all this is wrong; and if you are not satisfied with my husband, because I will not imitate so bad an example, you must give him notice accordingly; or if you think my services absolutely essential to the prosperity of the church, just state the amount of salary you can afford to give, and if, for the sum, I can procure a person in every way as competent as myself to assume the charge of my children and household, I will take into serious consideration your proposition. Beyond this, ladies, I can promise nothing."

"Thank you again, my dear madam," said I, with a warmth that expressed my real feelings, "for giving this matter its right solution! You have spoken out like a true, independent woman, as you are, and I will see that your views are correctly reported; consider me as your friend."

She turned upon me a grateful look, and, as she did so, I could see that my earnest words had brought a dimming moisture to her eye.

"I could wish," she answered, in a lower voice, "to number you all as my friends. I have come among you as a stranger, seeking no preeminence, but only desiring to do my duty as a woman, side by side with other women. The fact that my husband is your minister gives me of right, no position among you, and gives you no right to demand of me any public service. If my husband fails in his duty, admonish him; but, in the name of justice and humanity, do not establish any supervision over me. Let my private life be as sacred from intrusion as that of any other woman. This I have a right to demand, and I will be satisfied with nothing else."

Silenced, if not convinced, was Miss Phoebe Lane, and she retired in due time with her

committee of remonstrance and accusation, their colors trailing upon the ground. I lost no time in giving my history of the interview; repeating almost word for word the clear, strong language of Mrs. Newton, that she might have the full benefit of her own statement of the case. And I am happy to say that there was common-sense enough and right feeling enough in the parish of St. Charity to do her justice. Her husband is still our minister, active, useful, and beloved; but as no

salary has yet been set apart for his wife, she has not assumed any duties in the congregation, and from present appearances, I think, has no intention of doing so. But as a wife and mother her life is beautiful; and her example of far more benefit to the people under her husband's care, than all her more public acts could be, were she to enter upon all the duties once so thoughtlessly assigned to her.

A WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY LIVIA F. HAYES.

Robert Bowdoin's step grew slower as far and faint through the chill mist he saw the glimmer of his own home windows. The curtains were not drawn. It was a fancy of his; he loved to see the light as he turned the corner; it made the way seem shorter, somehow, and put new strength into his tired limbs—"just like a race-horse coming down the home stretch," as he told Lucy once as he laid down the *Watchet Gazette*, brimful of the County fair and races. So, always before when he turned the corner his heart rose and his step quickened, seeing the cheery gleam; but to-night his big heart lay like lead in his brawny breast, and his step lagged strangely, till just at the inner edge of the darkness that bordered far and wide the little circle of light, he stopped and looked into his home. His teeth were set hard as he looked, and his breathing came long-drawn and audible.

Yet it was a pleasant little picture—nothing high-toned or vivid, only just what one would fancy a man after a hard day's work would like to come home to. A carpet, simple but fresh and tasteful, on the floor; an engraving or two on the walls; the tea-table set, with no glitter of plate, but with snowy linen and well-polished ware, a bright light and a cosy little fire, for the night was chill, for all its spring promise. But Robert wasn't thinking of comfort just then as he stood outside in the gloom; yet he took the whole scene in, even noting, with painful detail that stung him keenly, his slippers lying before the grate. A little thing? Yes; but he remembered when Lucy wrought them—her shy bridal gift.

To and fro, with deft, busy fingers, putting a last touch to the homely supper, a woman small but trim of figure, moved, and a little

shadow on the wall, whose substance was invisible, seemed striving to follow her with odd, uncertain movement. Lucy and Floss, his wife and yearling baby.

Robert watched them eagerly, standing there till Lucy, catching up Floss with quick, merry kisses, came to the window and strove to peer into the darkness. Looking for him, he knew; and what was he going to bring her?

While he stood there, the backward tide had run swiftly, and he remembered enough to make him half doubt, alone with the night, whether God really meant him to take this cross on his shoulders. No, no, not that; and he stood up stalwart and strong; but ought he, *could* he, place it on hers? If he could only bear it alone; but he knew Lucy. I think he groaned, wincing at the thought; but none but God and the night were by to hear. How long they had waited for just this, he thought—this little home. Waited till Lucy, who had her burden and wouldn't let him share it, had grown from a shrinking, blushing girl into a woman, even-voiced and steady-eyed; but he knew how the stream ran beneath the calm surface. How tired she used to be in those old days without him; and though Robert Bowdoin's love lay deeper than satin skin or youthful bloom, he thought half sadly how young and blithe and bonny she had grown with him and little Floss.

"Well," he said inwardly, with almost bitterness, seeing the child now on her knee, "she'll be left her baby Floss," and went in.

Floss stretched her hands with impatient, baby-scoolding talk at him, and Lucy smiled a deep, happy smile as she called him to account for his delay. "Your first black mark," she

said. "I never allow my scholars to be tardy." Lucy had been a teacher in all those waiting years; but there was no sharpness in her voice or eye to-night to tell of worn patience and thankless toil.

Floss was in a perfect craze of baby frolic; Lucy's mood was fairly gay, and in her outpouring of all Floss' mischievous doings for the day, she scarcely noted how quiet was Robert, who usually came into the house like a streak of June sunshine; or, rather, more like a brisk stirring breeze, setting everything going, and blowing all dun vapors aside. But Robert was still to-night, and only listened silently to Lucy's eager talk, kissing the white Floss' hands or lips, or her hair, so soft and silky, which had first led them to style dignified Miss Florence little Floss. But at last Floss opened her sunny blue eyes at their widest, in a vain endeavor to keep awake all night, and in another moment shut them as tightly, and fell in the middle of a laugh fast asleep on her father's shoulder.

And while Floss slept snug in her cradle, Robert laid poor Lucy's head on his breast, and told her. Only a little, common, everyday story five years ago. Robert was going to war. But I suppose those two loving hearts suffered just as much as though thousands around them were not bleeding, too. I don't know *how* Robert told her. He was only a plain, brave-hearted working-man, loving his wife and loving his country. Perhaps he was eloquent—love often is, even in mouths that seem little fitted for it—and to a man like Robert his country-love had something holy in it, also. I draw a veil over the sacred sorrow of that hour. Lucy laid her sacrifice on the altar. If stunned at first by the blow and bowed to earth by the heaviness of her cross, her eyes soon found the heavens again. Alas! she had borne burdens before on her slender shoulders. It is the saddest of things to have learned

"to suffer, and be strong."

Thus the few days that were left them they spoke little of the future. They laughed with baby Floss as before; coming home from preparatory drill, Robert found the curtains up and light shining, and Lucy smiling. She wanted him to remember home at the last just as it had been. But Robert was not blind. He saw the gray pallor round her mouth, and in the still nights, when she believed he slept, he beheld her agony of prayer on her knees beside him. You think her weak? I tell you this woman had lived till almost thirty years

of her life were passed, out in the world, hungering for shelter, for rest, for love—the most womanly woman that ever breathed; and this Indian summer had seemed so sweet—the two years past. When he was gone, she would be, save baby Floss, completely alone in the world, nor kith nor kin. You think him cruel? How many are there of you, ye whose heroes dumbly sleep beneath the mocking, smiling southern sky, that cry through all your tears—"Oh! that he had loved his country less and me the more?"

Lucy had but a simple heart, yet loyal in all things to the core. She *knew* Robert loved her, and trusted him for the rest. So Robert went, and when the gallant company filed past their window, his eyes, with all their eager fire quenched in a tide of love and longing pity, met Lucy's, smiling, tender and strong. Well for him he did not see her sink prone to the floor, like one smitten, as he passed from her sight, till at last she woke from her swoon with Floss' restless fingers now tangled in her hair and then investigating with gleeful curiosity her closed eyes and silent lips.

Rousing herself, bruised and sore at heart, she took up Floss and her burden again, and bravely she bore it, without fret or murmur. Yet it cost her pain, for all she was dumb. Letters came and went—bright, sparkling ones from him, with all odd, quaint incidents of camp-life grotesquely detailed for her, yet with an undertow of home-longing running through them all. For him there came every week "Lucy's talk," as he called it; and with that and her picture over his heart, a church would have been no safer than the camp to Robert. Cheery, hopeful talk it was—if she blotted a sheet now and then with her tears, the flames told no tales to him. Lucy held fast to one article in her creed of living, viz.—to make the best of it, remembering always that the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

So life went on; and summer was born and buried, and the "battle autumn" begun. When the last leaf fell, Lucy, looking for her letter, looked in vain; but in the lists of dead and wounded, one name—"Robert Bowdoin, killed"—burned from her brain to heart. But rallying from the shock, what was this strange, overwhelming protest that rose against all proof, and stayed up her soul? Lucy refused to believe her husband dead, listening gently to all who rehearsed to her the damning details, and only saying steadfastly at the last—"Yet for all that, I do not think that Robert is dead. I must trust my heart against all." And all

around her looked with wonder as time sped and Lucy wore no widow's weeds nor seemed sadder than before, till at length they gave their heads a wise, significant shake when she was mentioned, and murmuring—"Not quite right in that respect," dismissed the subject.

One only, her strange faith inspired with half belief—her kind old pastor. He knew Lucy was no dreamer, and when she said simply—"I cannot explain it, Mr. Davenport, but I as firmly believe that Robert lives and will come back to me, as I believe in God," he only said—"Amen!" in a live, hearty way, that helped Lucy wonderfully.

And Lucy, waiting with no sign from Robert, watched the snows fall and fade, lonely, but still undismayed. When the birds flew northward again, and the uplands smiled in "living green," she said to baby Floss, who was a prime confidant and never gave provoking contrary advice, but only laughed at any and all things—"You and I, Floss, must be doing something, and not eat up house and home; for when papa comes, we shall want it. I shall not leave you behind in anybody's hands. We will go to the country together, and I will work and you shall play." So Lucy wrote a little letter, and directing it to Robert, gave it to worthy Mr. Davenport, saying—"I am going away. When I am settled I will send you my address, and when Robert comes, you will please give him this letter, and tell him where to find me." The good old man promised with a fervent—"God bless you;" and Lucy and Floss went to the country in search of work.

Mrs. Harding, good-natured, easy soul as she usually was, groaned a little that warm May morning that seemed to have slipped backward from June, churning slowly in the cool porch of the old red farm-house, just atop the hill. She had so much to do, and she couldn't exactly see why it was that Jane Jerries must needs think the hot, stifling cotton mill so much finer a place than helping her at Sunny Hill Farm. Here were churning and baking to do, and dinner to get for the hired hands, and Mrs. Harding's fat feet ached already in the early morning, with her tasks scarce begun. But just as she settled herself finally to her churning, with the consoling remark to herself, that—"Things are as they be, and it's no use fretting," she heard the voice of her husband, calling—"Mother, mother!" and answering, cheery as ever—"Coming, Father, coming!" hurried to the front door.

"Here comes a woman and a little gal up the hill. I don't know who they be. 'Taint nobody I ever see afore, I guess; but I 'spose they must be comin' here, and I've got to go right off over to the Carl lot. I knew you'd never hear the knocker way off in that back porch." And Solomon Harding took himself off to the Carl lot, calling back, as he went—"Have dinner ready at sharp twelve, mother; I'm goin' to drive hard to-day."

Mrs. Harding stood waiting and wondering at the door, while up the hill, in the sweet May morning, came Lucy and little Floss. The air was full of balm, the trees in robes of snow and rose, just trembled in the soft breeze, birds darted hither and yon, scarlet breast or mottled wing gleaming in the sunlight, and Floss chattered about as intelligibly as any of the merry tribe at the wonders on every side. Lucy's heart fluttered a little as she neared the door, but took fresh courage as she saw Mrs. Harding's ample, motherly figure and pleasant face framed by the doorway. "Come right in, dears," she said. "The little gal must be tired. Why, she's nothing but a baby." Then Lucy told her simple story. How Robert went to war, and she was alone, and must do something 'till he came back. How she thought if she could only find some place in the country, she could keep little Floss with her, where she could have plenty of good air and a mother's care. Mrs. Harding's heart warmed at once to the little cleared-eyed woman and smiling Floss. Perhaps she thought of her own baby as she lifted Floss to her lap and kissed her, only her baby was a stout, tramping soldier now, gone to the war as Robert had. But he was the last of a big circle which had scattered far and wide, and he was always "her baby" to Mrs. Harding.

So shortly Lucy sat churning in the back porch, while Mrs. Harding grew more and more reconciled to Jane Jerries' departure, as she rolled out innumerable doughnuts in the wide old kitchen. "If Father only looks at it as I do," she thought, a little nervously; for Solomon Harding, a good soul in the main, was apt to be "just a leetle grain sot in his way," as his wife phrased it, and "couldn't abide strangers about his house. For her part, she just called it one of her streaks of luck," growing more and more in love with her "neat-handed Phyllis," as the morning waxed, and Lucy went handily about with her quick, womanly tact. At "sharp twelve," the golden balls of butter neatly shaped and stamped had had time to get "wonted" to the shelves

of the clean, cool dairy, and with a pleasing consciousness of the work's being *done up* generally, Mrs. Harding took down the tin horn whose notes would sound as sweet as any hymning choir to Solomon's waiting ears. Then into the front room went Mrs. Harding, and peered through the blind to watch Solomon's arrival; for down the path a little way strayed Floss, gleeful and happy, with little merry, sudden capers now and then, that made Mrs. Harding murmur—"Just like the little lambs in the spring, for all the world." Solomon loved children, and strategic Mrs. Harding had thrown out Floss as a sort of skirmisher, to help carry the outposts, when she suggested to Lucy that Floss might run before the door a little, as "none of the critters warnt round to skeer her."

"Wall, wall! whose little gal be you?" came to her listening ear, with Floss' rippling laugh in answer, as swung quickly to Solomon's broad shoulder, she came riding into the house in triumph.

"Dinner's all ready, Father. Set right down and eat. I'll tell you all about it after that," said Mrs. Harding as Solomon's eye rested inquiringly on Lucy. She hadn't been married thirty years not to have learned the times and seasons best fitting to find favor for her plans in Solomon's eyes. And she got her way this time. Floss had won him from the first. Solomon's eye was quick to note the difference between Lucy's quick ways and those of poky, clumsy Jane, and when Mrs. Harding handed him, with triumphant air, "that letter from Lucy's minister," Solomon yielded without parley, for he had a peculiar reverence for the "cloth," as many a travelling elder had good cause to know, feasting at his hospitable board, or resting in Mrs. Harding's spare bed, which towered higher than ever on such occasions from the extra shaking up she gave it.

So Lucy and Floss found a new home at Sunny Hill Farm. Days came and went; and though Lucy's heart ached sadly sometimes for word from Robert, her faith never wavered, and for Floss' sake she was cheerful always. "I will not darken her day," she thought. "Robert will come back to me in God's time. He helps me to wait." Once Mrs. Harding asked her when she last heard from her husband, and when Lucy told her all the hard, cruel facts, and added at the last, "Yet I do not believe him dead—he will come back again," she gazed earnestly over her glasses at Lucy, and seeing her sitting calmly, with the same steadfast look in her eyes as ever, only

murmured, "God grant it, poor dear! poor dear!"

But that night, rehearsing to Solomon the afternoon's tale, she told him in wifely confidence that "she rayly didn't know what to make of Lucy about this. If it was anybody else, she should think she was a leetle out; but Lucy was the clear-headedest pusson she ever see about everything else. Wall, she never thought of Lucy's bein' a widder, poor dear!"

And Solomon ejaculated in contemptuous wonder at the never-ending "notions" of womankind. "What! And she haint never tried for a pension? I never see the beat of it."

A year rolled round. Raking the sweet-breathed hay in the lowland meadows, while Floss tumbled at her "own sweet will" among the long winnows, stringing endless knots of spicy apples to hang in the mellow October sunshine—apt learner of good Mother Harding at her old-fashioned spinning-wheel, till while the snows whirled without, the fleecy rolls within almost as white, *whirled* into yarn so fine and even that Mrs. Harding exhibited it with intense satisfaction, as neighbor after neighbor, "droppin' in," made the customary inquiry as to "who done her spinnin' this year?"

So Lucy lived and labored, prayed and waited, till May wheeled into her place in the twelve's procession once more. The air was balm again, the blossoms blew, and the birds now circling low about the eaves of the old house, and then lost in "fields of viewless air," held every day a carnival.

One morning, when earth fairly overflowed with sun, and every breeze came as if it blew direct from the "shining shore," Floss, running in and out at her play, asked with strange, wistful pertinacity—"When will papa come, mamma? I am so tired waiting." And Lucy, looking across the orchard's snow up to smiling skies, that seemed for once almost to mock her, made little answer, but cried silently to heaven from a heart that was strained almost beyond endurance, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

Was it, after all, only a vain delusion that had possessed her soul? Was her heart waking at last from some long, strange trance, to realize for the first time its utter desolation? She wrestled wildly with her unbelief. She called almost fiercely after her departing faith—"Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief!"

Blessed Saviour! who was this eve now
upon the very threshold, with Floss tight in
his arms? All the birds of the air sung at
once in overwhelming anthems and peans of
praise, all the winds of heaven blew incense.
Then the world whirled for a moment around
Lucy. The skies paled, and the fields faded,
till she found a new heaven in Robert's eyes
as her face lay upturned on his breast.

I am not so sure but Mrs. Harding described
it as well as is possible when she told Solomon
afterwards that "all she could think of when
Robert and Lucy met was that the New Jeru-
salem had come down."

Oh, generous Eternity of bliss! thou wilt
never miss from thy overflowing cup these
hours lent to much enduring Time!

Lucy listened as one in a dream, while
Robert told his story. Wounded, as he
thought, unto death, he had given Lucy's
picture and his last love and farewell for her
to a comrade; and, left for dead on the field,
knew no more till he woke, after long, blank
weeks, in a Southern hospital, only to go from
thence to prison. "I suffered enough, Lucy,"
he said, true-hearted fellow; "but all went for
nothing beside thinking of you weeping alone
for me, as one dead, at home."

And Lucy answered, smiling through happy
tears—"I've been in God's hands, Robert.
You have never been dead to me."

And so they went back, Robert, Lucy and
Floss, to the little home once more. There
was a halt in Robert's tread that kept him
from return, but his arm and heart were strong
as ever, and Lucy, listening again for his step
beside the lighted window, would not exchange
it for the old firm footfall.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day!
But should she frown with face of care
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

If those who've wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day!
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from mem'ry borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we must?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow!

A SUMMER-DAY RHYME.

BY EBEN REXFORD.

The buttercups bloom in the meadows,
The clover nods on the hill,
And the violets blow in the shadows,
Where the summer winds are still.

The breezes in wild commotion
Sweep down from the mountain side,
And the meadow sways like an ocean
At the rising of the tide.

The sunshine drifts like a shower
Across the swaying grass,
And kisses each little flower
That watches to see it pass.

I can hear the honey-bees humming,
As they gather in their sweets,
And I hear the whispers coming
From the water-nymph's retreats.

The pinks by the walk are bending
Their royal heads to the gale,
And the lilies their sweets are spending
Where the morning-glories pale.

The robbin sings on the cherry
A song that is plaintive and sweet,
And the blackbird's answer is merry
As he looks at the ripening wheat.

The mountains are wrapped in grandeur,
A purple and rosy mist,
And the sunshine glitters like amber
On their brows which the clouds hath kissed.

Ere long the leaf will be falling
With a patter like the rain,
And the robin will be calling
To the meadow-lark in vain.

The summer's radiant sweetness
Will change at autumn's breath
To the glory of full completeness—
Fruition will herald death.

Robed like a queen at her crowning,
In the brightness of her charms,
She will fall asleep forever
In the royal autumn's arms.

And shrouded in royal splendor,
They will lay her down to rest,
And the winds will chant sad masses
O'er the ravished summer's breast.

A celebrated writer says—"If I were asked
from my experience of life, to say what attri-
bute most impressed the minds of others, or
most commanded fortune, I should say earnest-
ness."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BABY'S SOCKS.

BY MRS. M. G. JOHNSON.

The mother's ivory needles glide swiftly to and fro, and the tiny socks grow fast, in alternate lines of pink and white, while love, and tender thought, and hope interweave their own bright tracery with every stitch. Will she ever forget the first time her fingers were busied thus? What work was ever before like that to her in its dear delight? Without fault of hers, its rich anticipation for the little one's future shall never prove but a mirage. A loving Father means every hope He gives to be as seed in affection's rich soil, to grow unto fruition. And a queen's coronal would be a poor exchange for the royalty of her who reigns in home-affections. It is hers to guide the little feet in their first wavering efforts. And as truly hers to lead along life's way the footsteps of these new human souls. The path will be, in a large sense, such as she makes it for them—pleasant or rough, upward or downward tending.

Not so much by prayer, or hymn, or verbal instruction—though these in their place and time are well—is a child taught the lessons that go with him through life, and mould that life, and reach into eternity; but by silent, constant, unconscious influence. This influence *must be*. It is only ours to choose of what sort it be—of good or evil, of heaven or hell.

The hasty word, the unjust blame, the petty deception, the frivolous chat, the wasted minutes—these are written in the mother's life not only, but on her child's soul; and, unless some strong counter influence intervenes in after years, go to form his character. Or, on the other hand, a thoughtful kindness, a loving forbearance, an un-failing truth, a generous devotion, a quiet doing of every day's duty as it comes—these can no more be without their witness in the child's soul than they can be unseen of Him who sets the child in our midst. It is by little things, mainly, that we suffer the little ones to come to their Saviour, or repel them. They have a willingness to come if only allowed; to come by a deeper, truer way than any tenet can teach or dogma prescribe; to come through all they have of affections, and thoughts, and pleasures, even into the very life and love of the Christ. The ladder of Jacob's vision, all glorious with the tread of angels, had its lowest rounds *very near earth*. And he who runs may read the lesson of its imagery. If the mother would reach, in her own soul-life, the ladder's summit, and would help her child to climb there, she must guide him very tenderly, gently, patiently and surely up the first rounds. *There* it is hers, assuredly, to guide him; and it is wholly in her power,

and the necessity and responsibility lie on her soul, to say whether the *baby-feet* shall begin that glorious ascent.

The pattering of little feet, the rippling of little voices, make our home-music. Let those voices learn no discord, no deceit, from the tones of father and mother. Let the tiny feet be warmly clad, kept out of dangerous ways, and led in pleasant places. And oh! let the little soul-feet be "shod with peace!" Thus shall they, even in this life, and its richer fruition of eternity, tread the street of pure gold, and walk beside the river of life.

"Oh, mother, laugh your merry note!
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet!"

THE GARMENTS I USED TO WEAR.

BY S. C. H.

The twilight was bright with the rosy glow
Which the sun had left in the western sky,
And the evening was full of chirrup low,
Of insects humming their lullaby.

A fresh, warm breeze, through the open door,
Came laden with odors faint and sweet,
And the rose-leaves it scattered about the floor
Made the dainty home look more complete.

And a beautiful lady, with golden hair,
Musing, sat still in the shadows there—
Sat as if watching for coming feet,
The name of Willie I heard her repeat.

Then she opened a drawer with tender care,
Unfolding the dainty garments within,
The white baby dresses he used to wear,
With sprigs of lavender laid between,
The little pink aprons and jackets there
All lying folded, so fresh and clean.

And she whispered low, "My Willie no more
Will wear the garments his mother can make;
'Tis years since the angels carried him o'er
The river of death to the other shore;
Still I keep them soiled for Willie's sake."

That night, when the lady lay in her bed
Sleeping, she dreamed that her angel child
Stood again beside her, and softly said,
In Willie's dear voice, now grown more mild,
"Mother, there are children wanting for bread
And clothing, too;" and he sweetly smiled.

"Give them the garments I used to wear—
The garments you made with such loving care;
I shall be happy in Heaven to know
They comfort some poor little ones below."

Next morn, when the lady awoke from sleep,
She thought of her dream with a holy joy,
And said, "It is better I should not keep
Longer the clothes of my darling boy."

"There is a poor widow over the way,
With four small children, so meanly clad,
That while I was looking, but yesterday,
The sight of their poverty made me sad."

So, tying a bundle of children's clothes,
And taking a basket of things to eat,
Away from her cottage she softly goes
In the early morning, across the street.

Joy mantles the grateful widow's face,
She pours out her thanks with a homely grace;
And the lady returns to her chamber less sad,
For the clothes of her darling has made a heart glad.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

LIVING IT DOWN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Ross was certainly crying!

It was something very unusual for him, for I want you to understand at once that this boy was made of real, solid timber; a strong, bright, courageous-souled boy of a round dozen years—one that was not overcome by little things, and did not easily melt down into faintheartedness and tears.

But there he stood by the bay window, and something had wrought deeply in his soul, and touched the hidden sources of its pity or sorrow, for Ross stood with his face hidden away and his forehead flattened against the pane, the tears flowing stilly down his cheeks.

Sitting by the table, the books that she loved best scattered over it, and laying down for these every few moments the lace she was working at, itself soft and filmy as sea-foam that tangles and tears itself upon the shore when the tide comes in, Jean noticed all this.

She was nine years her brother's senior; and blessed are the boys that have a sister like this Jean Cromer. She had a sweet face; its serenity that had a touch of sedateness in it, in strong contrast with its youth, could break up suddenly into such playfulness and archness that you wondered whether it could ever be grave again. And Jean's self was like her face, the sparkle and the mirth going deep, but something beside that going deeper.

Mr. and Mrs. Cromer were absent for the season, travelling for the latter's health, she having been more or less of an invalid for several years, so her daughter occupied, for a time, something of the mother's relations towards the household as well as towards Ross.

Jean Cromer watched her brother a few moments silently, with something in her face which you saw must soon relieve itself in action. At last she rose up, her lace dropping unobserved on the carpet, and stole silent and softly, as one might fancy a blessing spirit would, across the carpet, and laid her hand on her brother's shoulder.

"Ross, what is the matter? Tell me," she said.

He started away from her, as though the soft touch was a blow that stung him; the blood flashed hotly all over his face—"I wish girls knew enough to mind their own business and let a fellow alone!" he burst out.

"Ross!"

That was all Jean said. She went back quietly to her work, a little hurt look in her face. In a few moments Ross glanced at her over his shoulder, in a stealthy way. The heat had gone out of his face now, and something else had taken the place of the anger that had blazed up a moment in the words that he was ashamed of by this time. For Ross was a proud boy and a sensitive one; subject to quick heats of anger, too, which burst up like fire and smouldered down in a moment, as you have seen flame do—a fault which it would cost the youth of Ross Cromer many a hard struggle to vanquish; but, as I said, there was good timber in this boy's character.

He stood a few moments drumming on the pane, a struggle going on inside; at last he turned and walked over to his sister, and threw himself down at her feet. "Jean, I was a brute to answer you as I did, just now; but you don't know how a fellow feels at having a girl see him cry."

"No matter, Ross. I shall never think of it again, only to be a little wiser next time; but I should like to know"—stopping here suddenly, fearing that it might be dangerous ground on which she was treading.

"Go on. You may ask me anything now."

"I should like to know that no great trouble has happened to you; or whatever it may be, to help you out of it, if I can."

"It isn't any trouble of my own. Do you think I'm such a whining cry-baby as that?" growled Ross.

"In no case could I think you a whining cry-baby; but that does not make me less glad over what you have said!"

Ross was silent a moment, picking at the figures in the rug; then he burst out—"It was a mean, sneaking, cruel thing. It sets me all on fire to think of it now!"

Jean sewed on silently. She was sure something

more would follow that explosion. The next words were in a softer key, a great pity trembling all through them. "Poor Dick! and not a whit more to blame than I."

"What was it?" asked Jean, dropping her work now, and leaning over until her sweet eyes looked into her brother's face.

He turned that a little away from her, laying down his head on her knee. "I don't 'spose I ever mentioned his name, but there's a boy from the other side of the creek entered our school when the term opened, a fellow about my age, rather undesired, though; smart as any of them at his lessons, but not much of a hand at a game or a wrestling match; in short, he was put down as a cipher on the play-ground."

"The boys liked him well enough, though, for he was pleasant and bright in his way, though not just like any of the rest of us; I found out after awhile that he was an orphan, and that some man on the other side the creek had taken the boy to bring up—meant to make a farmer of him, I believe; but he took to his books, and the old man was kind, and sent him to school, winters."

"The worst of the story's to come, though. Dick had one brother, ten years older than himself, his only relative, who went to the city to make his fortune, got into bad habits there, and finally ended in a couple of years at State's Prison—forger, or something of that sort, I believe."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Jean.

"Yes; I understood then what made Dick a little shy and quiet—not just like the rest of us; and I tried to stick to him after that, and we got to be good friends; and I liked him first-rate after the shyness wore off a little."

"It seems that the brother's time is out, and he came up here to see Dick; for bad as he was, the man loved his little brother, and couldn't give him up."

"This afternoon, though, as half a dozen of us boys were turning the corner by old Hunt's lane, Dick among us, we found a fellow half-stretched upon the ground, shaking his head and shouting and hallooing to himself, so drunk he couldn't stand up—a young fellow, dressed in a flashy style, coarse, but not bad-looking; either, I should think, when he was in his right mind."

"You know what boys are. They thought some fun had turned up, and they sort of set on the man with a shout, pulling up the grass, and throwing handfuls of dirt, and meaning to have a good time out of the thing, any way."

"But you ought to have seen Dick Wooster. He just sprang out before all the boys, his face as fierce as a tiger's and white as a ghost, too, and he cried out—"If any of you boys lay a hand on him, I'll lay you flat. Come on, every one of you." And he was ready for them, you saw it in his eyes."

"We knew, then, what it all meant. The man trying to stagger to his feet there, muttering and

falling down with every effort, was Dick's brother. The boys stood still a moment, utterly confounded, and then one or two shouted out—"A drunkard and a jail-bird! I say, Dick, you must be proud of such a relation as that!"

"Then there was another shout."

"Oh, Ross! I think brutes would have scorned to do that!" cried Jean, fairly pale with indignation.

"I just turned right round upon them. I can't remember what I said, but I believe it was—"Boys, that's a mean, sneaking, devilish act. I think the fellow lying there is a good deal better than you this minute."

"Bravo, Ross!" and Jean leaned over and kissed her brother, the tears in her eyes this time.

"The fun was over for that time, anyhow. The boys looked at each other sort of sheepishly, and one and another slunk away."

"I saw Dick go to his brother and try to help him up, but it was no use. His head fell down on the grass. He was dead drunk by this time."

"Then Dick went up the lane and threw himself down by a bit of broken stone fence. He didn't see me, and I made up my mind to go off and leave him; but somehow I couldn't, and at last I just turned about and went straight to him. There he was, doubled all up on the ground, sobbing as if his heart would break."

"Dick," I said, "I just wouldn't care a fig for what those rascals say. They deserve hanging—every soul of them."

"He looked up a moment. Oh, dear! I never shall forget how his face looked!" and here Ross broke down and sobbed like a child, not caring this time if a girl did see him cry. And Jean, she cried too.

After a while he went on again:

"I could see how every limb of Dick's writhed there with the shame, and at last he sobbed out—'He's all I've got in the world to love, Ross, and it's such an awful disgrace; and I wish we were both dead and lying by father and mother.'"

"It isn't any disgrace of yours, Dick. Anybody who isn't a fool must see that you're not one whit to blame for it."

"I never will see one of the boys again," he said; and he seemed all crushed up, poor fellow."

"I just sat right down on the ground by him, and tried to comfort him. 'Now, Dick, don't take it in this way,' I said. 'Hold up your head as high as any of the boys, and be a man. You can just live it down. I'll stand by you to the last. You know you can depend on me, and I tell you you can make the boys ashamed of themselves, and respect you, too. Pluck up heart, now.'"

"He did at last. He threw his arms around my neck. 'Oh, Ross!' he sobbed, 'I shall remember this as long as I live; and if I am ever anything in the world, I shall owe it all to you.'"

"You will be, Dick; I feel it in my bones."

You'll live to be head and shoulders above all those who have laughed at you.

"He smiled a little at that, and after awhile I rose up and left him, for I knew he would go back to his brother, and he must be there, now, keeping his watch by the wretched thing lying there in the lane, until he is able to help it up and off once more. But the watch will be a very different one from what it would if I hadn't stood by and comforted him."

Jean smiled, but her lip was so unsteady just then, that it could not carry into speech the thoughts surging beneath it.

"But you know when I got home and fell to thinking of poor Dick, watching out there all alone in the dark and cold over his miserable, drunken dog of a brother, whom he can't help loving for all, and I thought, too, how different it all was with me, I couldn't help crying; though I was mad enough to have you find it out."

"Those tears were an honor to you, Ross. Don't ever be ashamed of them."

"I never will again, dear Jean," putting up his arms, and drawing her face down to his. "I'll stand by Dick from this hour. He *shall* live it down!"

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

DECAYED TEETH.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D., D. D. S.

A great deal has been written and said on this subject, and much more needs to be, before the teeth of Americans will be much improved.

Former numbers of this magazine have not been strangers to the subject, from my own pen, and I shall offer no excuse for again calling the attention of the public to the importance of this matter.

We are known abroad as a "Nation of Decayed Teeth." It is a characteristic defect of our bodies. No other people on earth lie under a similar curse. And this affliction is a legitimate result of our transgressions of Hygienic laws. In this country decayed teeth is the rule; in other countries, the exception. That this is not the result of the climate, is proven by the fact that the aboriginal inhabitants had perfect dentures. In a great measure, too, have the Indians of the present day, as also the negro population of the Southern States—at least that portion which is engaged in the labors of the field. *House* servants, who live like their masters, had their masters' vices and punishments.

Dentists who have travelled in Europe, report that dental decay is hardly to be found among the rural population, but more or less is seen in the cities. One who visited a public school in Germany, says that he examined the mouths of the sixty children present, and that he did not discover a single decayed tooth among the whole number. What a contrast to an American school! In the latter there would be at least fifty out of the sixty with decayed teeth. Our parents and grandparents say that they remember a time when the teeth of people were generally good, instead of, as now, generally bad. It was a common thing for the man or woman of seventy years to be possessed of all the teeth they ever had, and in sound condition, too. Formerly, it was the case in this country, that "city people" had more decay of the

teeth than country people. But it is not so at present. The inhabitants of cities and large towns have been so much better instructed in dental hygiene, and have so much greater facilities for dental operations than country people, that the law is reversed, or about equal.

Sickness is a fruitful source of dental decay, and so are many of the drugs taken to cure. But, we have no more sickness in these States than they have in Europe, and the percentage of deaths is not as great.

Uncleanliness of the mouth is an immediate cause of decay in teeth. But in old times very few thought of using a brush, and yet their teeth did not decay.

All these facts go to show that teeth are not so well formed in these latter days as in olden time. The anatomical structure is less perfect than in the former times, and they cannot withstand the same destructive agencies now that they once did. Why are teeth less anatomically perfect now than they once were?

Man came from the hand of his Maker perfect in anatomical structure and the healthy exercise of all his functions. Transgression brought punishment. Violations of the laws of life, must result in deterioration. As generation succeeded generation, the term of life was shortened, and more and more sickness crept into the world to punish it for continued violations of natural laws. With debilitated constitutions the teeth sympathized as a matter of course, for they are not inorganic, lifeless bodies, but as truly capable of changes, as regards health and disease, as any other parts of the body. Therefore, these organs which were intended by the Creator to last during the life of the individual, became, by inheritance and by the hygienic faults of their possessors, imperfect in anatomy and physiology.

But, notwithstanding the many causes which produce decay of the teeth, there is one which

stands out so prominently that it must be seen, and that is in the *defective dental nutrition*.

As a plant cannot grow to perfection in a soil deficient in the inorganic elements which naturally compose its substance, so cannot an animal thrive on food which is not natural to its habits.

Lime is an important and constant ingredient in the berry of wheat, and every farmer knows that it is impossible to raise a crop of this cereal on land not containing lime in the soil. With this deficiency in the soil, corn can be raised much better than wheat, because the berry of the former does not naturally contain half as much lime as the latter.

Teeth are composed of phosphate of lime and cartilage. The former is an inorganic element found in every kind of grain, roots, fruit, fish and flesh, which is used by mankind for food.

This substance is a necessary constituent of every bone tooth, muscle, nerve, &c., &c., in the human body. To be hard and well calculated to resist decay, the teeth must have at least sixty parts out of a hundred of their weight made up of this phosphate of lime.

The formation and hardening of the teeth commences many months before birth, and continues until the twentieth year, and the hardening process even during the whole life, if circumstances are favorable.

Many persons suppose that the teeth can neither grow softer or harder after they are once formed and erupted through the gums. This was formerly the opinion of anatomists and physiologists, but now it is known that these processes continue through life. The phosphate of lime which hardens the teeth may be absorbed into the blood and given to other parts of the system if there is an urgent demand for it, and thereby the teeth rendered softer and more liable to decay.

Now let us see where there might be an "urgent call" for phosphate of lime.

The effect of the vital processes is to throw out of the body, daily, a portion of all the different tissues of which it is made. Thus the material of the bones and teeth (phosphate of lime) is daily cast out in the excretions. The quantity is constant, depending on the relative weight of the body. Of the bones and teeth it has been found to amount to one per cent., daily.

Let us suppose a case.

Mrs. A——, age twenty, has a babe two months old. Its nourishment is the mother's milk. Its bones, teeth and flesh must increase many pounds before it should be weaned, say at one year old. And all this weight of bone, teeth and other tissues must be furnished by the mother in her milk.

Good milk is the most perfect food in the world, because all the elements of the body are found in it, in nature's proportions. The mother's milk is made from her blood. The blood is formed from

the daily food, and the portions of the mother's body which has been dissolved and is to be excreted. The milk glands take out of the blood such elements as they need, and sometimes those which they do not need. Among the latter are medicines taken by the mother; strong odors, like garlic or onions; acids, like those of pickles, &c.

Now it is evident that the mother's food must be of such a character as to furnish her blood with all the elements needed to support her own body, and to not only support but to build up the body of her child to the weight it would naturally acquire at the age of twelve months.

This Mrs. A—— is not fond of meats and vegetables. She prefers bread, pies, cake, blanc mange, corn-starch, and such light food (correctly named), which is entirely deficient in weight of the phosphate of lime necessary for healthy food. Such food is not directly poisonous, but it is a diet which starves both mother and child in the element of phosphate of lime.

Perhaps I have said it before, but if so I will say it again, namely, every tissue of the body requires phosphate of lime, and will have its proportion if it is in the blood. But if the blood is deficient in this element, then all the organs must suffer.

God has placed in wheat all the elements for the growth and perfection of the body. Phosphate of lime is present in abundance; but the miller, in making superfine flour, separates the lime from the flour, so that there is only one-fifth part as much as there is in whole meal of wheat. A grain of wheat consists of gluten cells and starch cells, enclosed in the bran envelope. The gluten cells lie next to the bran coat, and contain nearly all the phosphate of lime in the wheat berry. The gluten cells are dark, and separated by the miller because people demand very white flour. The gluten cells are consequently mixed with the bran, and sold for feeding cattle and hogs.

Much of this nutritious bone and tooth-forming gluten is contained in the "middlings," which is sold at a low price, though really much more valuable than the superfine flour.

Now, this Mrs. A—— cannot possibly eat enough food, made of the articles which she prefers, to repair the waste of her own body, and build up the body of her child in health. The food she eats may fatten herself and child, and both appear healthy, but the teeth and bones will suffer, for they do not receive phosphate of lime enough to perfect their tissues.

Mrs. A—— suffers more than her child, because Nature answers the demand for lime salts by taking them out of the mother's teeth and bones, and giving them to the child in the milk. This is the reason why nursing mothers are so notoriously afflicted with decayed teeth. The mother's teeth would not thus suffer if she lived upon food which had not been robbed of the lime salts.

If the terrible effects ended with the mother, the

evil would be less; but the infant teeth, and those of the permanent set, are so injured that they never fully recover from it, even under a more favorable diet. The same principles will apply to mother and child before birth, also.

The majority of mothers in these States live as Mrs. A does, and the same consequences follow. How is it with weaned children? The majority of them live as the mothers until grown up. Fine flour (robbed of the phosphate of lime) constitutes, in different forms of cookery, three-fourths of the food used by women and children in this country. As long as this is true, so long will decayed teeth be characteristic of Americans. Dental defects are also inherited, and thus the sins of the mothers are visited upon their children to the third generation.

The greater number of people in Germany live upon black bread, and this is the reason they have teeth superior to us. Their bread has gluten and phosphates. Gluten in bread always makes it a dark color.

Some persons have attempted to obviate the lack of phosphate of lime in fine flour by using this salt separately. That is, taking powders of it daily, or even putting it into the flour. *This will never do.*

Animals (man) cannot appropriate the inorganic elements of food (such as phosphate of lime, &c.), unless it has first been subjected to the vital process in a plant. All food is made up of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and such salts as lime, soda, &c., &c. None of these can nourish the body without having been first organized in a plant. Man can subsist on flesh, because flesh is

made from plants. Phosphate of lime, administered as a nutritive substance, will always fail. Moreover, if it is given to much extent, will produce severe sickness. So would carbon, &c., &c. The products of the chemist's laboratory cannot replace those of NATURE in nutrition.

Now I hope I have made it plain that this great evil (decayed teeth) is mainly caused in this country by using fine flour instead of meal made of the whole berry of wheat. If so, the remedy is obvious.

I would not have it understood that I consider it necessary to eat wheat meal for the purpose of making good dental structures. The latter can be accomplished without eating bread at all; because God has placed tooth-forming materials in every kind of natural food, and in sufficient quantity. Peas and beans are very rich in phosphate of lime; so are oats, barley, cabbage, and all kinds of fruits, flesh, &c., &c. People that will use fine flour ought to employ as little of it as possible, and make the bulk of their living of lean meats and vegetables. For a nursing mother, nothing is better than milk, and children, when weaned, should use it largely till "grown up."

Wheaten meal makes much the sweetest bread, biscuits, and cakes, and although it may not at first agree with the stomachs of some people, yet by judicious and gradual use, it will be far more grateful and compatible with the digestive organs than fine flour. The latter contains seventy-five per cent. of starch, and causes constipation and piles in thousands upon thousands, who would immediately be cured by the use of Graham bread.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

USES OF EGG-SHELLS.

"Well, Aunt, what now?" I said, as I entered the kitchen of the old farm-house, "what are you doing with those eggs?"

"Some more fancy work, my dear," she stopped to say, and then she went on with the somewhat singular performance which had attracted my attention, and occasioned no little surprise.

She was holding an egg to her mouth with one hand, and a teacup beneath it in the other. I found, upon examination, that she had made a very small aperture, not much larger than a pin-head, in either end of the shell, and was, as she said, "blowing out the yelk." I didn't believe the thing was possible; but she assured me that it was, and presently I was convinced of the truth of her assertion by seeing the whole inside of the egg lying in the teacup.

"And what are you going to make?" I asked when this was done.

"Babies' cradles," was the answer.

Maybe the process of making babies' cradles of egg-shells is an old one to the readers of the "Home," but it was new to me; and thinking it may possibly be novel to some one else, I venture to describe the operation as I saw "Aunt" perform it.

First, with a very fine pair of scissors, she cut from the small half of the egg about a quarter of the shell, which left it shaped very much like a cradle. This, "Aunt" told me, was a very difficult thing to do, as the shell was so apt to crack. The edge was of course a little rough, and over this she pasted a narrow binding of gilt paper; and when this was done, the cradle was complete.

What did she put in it? Why babies, of course

made of bits of white wadding, their little faces marked with ink, their little heads only showing above the covers. The latter were made of white wadding, worked over and over around the edge with scarlet wool. These "Aunty" had made to amuse the children, and quite delighted they were with the cunning little toys. She said she had often sent them to fairs, where they had been much in demand.

"There is another very pretty article for fairs which I have sometimes made of them," she said; "small bouquet holders." This is done by cutting off the end of the shell, and then crocheting of gay-colored split zephyr worsted a little case which will just hold it. Finish this case with a small tassel beneath, and put cords at the top to hang it up by. Suspended from the chandelier or a corner bracket, filled with flowers, natural or artificial, or in the winter season with dried grasses, this makes a very pretty ornament indeed.

"I have seen some very elaborate articles constructed from them. Little vases, and fairy-like cups, and urns, also, I have heard may be made with the aid of white wax. From a lady's paper, I recently cut the directions for making what was called the 'violet' cup, a beautiful little article of adornment for the étagère. I think my next experiment with egg-shells will be to attempt this little ornament. These are the directions for the same:—

"A large, well-shaped white egg should be selected, and a small orifice carefully broken at the larger end, through which the contents may be poured into a cup or other vessel. The shell must now be neatly cut round, until sufficiently far down, with a sharp, short-bladed pair of scissors, clipping very cautiously until the margin is quite even and true. A narrow binding of thin gold paper must now be gummed round, and turned in over the cut edge of the shell, taking care to nip the paper here and there in order that it may be attached evenly and fit free from creases. When the bordering is finished, and the gum used in attaching it is quite firm and dry, the "socket piece" may be commenced. This should be composed of white wax, such as is used in the manufacture of wax flowers. From this, when thoroughly warmed and softened, a cup-shaped stem should be formed. Into this the pointed end of the shell should be securely gummed, and the edges accurately fitted by moulding."

"Well, really," I exclaimed, "this is an age of invention! Who would have supposed there were so many uses for an egg-shell? Truly, it is a 'day of small things.'"

"And not to be despised, either," said "Aunty," as she pasted the directions into her receipt-book for safe-keeping and future references.

What piece of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as it is finished? A gate.

STRAY SHEEP.

Who that is in the habit of attending public gatherings, has not seen the individuals mentioned in the article quoted below? We ourselves have wiled away many a tedious hour of waiting in concert or lecture-room watching their motions and speculating upon the probable cause of the presence of these "stray sheep."

"In all meetings, one sees every now and then a person who is evidently exceedingly out of place in the position occupied. Whether such a one be man or woman, the wonder is how he or she got there, and what he or she can have had for object in coming, and what he or she is thinking about it all and will say about it afterwards. In the midst of a very Low Church congregation is one who 'genudects' at all the High Church 'points' of the service, and scandalizes the surrounding worshippers. In a Romish Church, an ultra Protestant demonstrates his dissent by a defiant neglect of all proprieties. We want to know, how have these people found themselves in these respective places! At a scientific meeting may be seen individuals, to whom the statements made are evidently so much Greek, and Greek which they do not care to take any pains to understand. Why did they choose to be present? We, ourselves, have sat next a man whose sole occupations during an entire evening was to suck his fingers, taking each one in turn till he had accomplished the whole, and effecting this, to him, desirable result in a manner indicative of intense enjoyment, with eyes shut and noisy exclamations. What did it matter to him that new countries were eloquently described, or ancient facts concerning others more clearly elucidated? One finger had been neglected; his attention was concentrated at once on it, and he became (as bears are said to be) oblivious of all but the pleasure of sucking his paws.

"At a religious gathering, composed, of course, chiefly of ladies and clergymen, we have occasionally seen men whose appearance has involuntarily led one to inquire—How did these come here? They are men whose presence at a club window, or on a chair in the park, would be natural and reasonable; but how came they to stray into the region where the talk is of tracts and soup-tickets, of schools and district-visiting, of intelligent Zulus and obedient Hindoos, of the banks of the Saskatchewan and the farthest limits of Patagonia? To them the whole must seem 'something which no fellow can understand.' In places of amusement, on the other hand, are to be seen those to whom the whole is evidently an unnecessary and frivolous weariness of the flesh; and one wonders why they did not stay at home.

"The stray sheep who wander occasionally from their own flocks, and find themselves among others that offer no point of resemblance to themselves, present to our minds a very curious and noteworthy phenomenon—one, as yet, not quite accounted for.

There must be some law which governs these aberrations. Just as there is undoubtedly one that regulates the ordinary constitution of assemblages. What it is, however, we know not, and at this period of our investigations are hardly in a position to offer any very definite conjecture. We must leave the fact, noting its existence, and returning to it should any feasible solution of the difficulty present itself."

SLEEP.

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?

What is more tranquil than a musk rose blowing
In a green island far from all men's knowing?
More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
More sweet than a nest of nightingales?

What but this Sleep, soft closer of our eyes,
Low murmur of tender lullabies,
Light hoverer around our happy pillows,
Wreath of happy buds and weeping willows.

SUMMER.

Oh, the merry summer days,
When the fields are dressed in green,
And the smiling sunny rays
Rest upon the verdant scene!
Dancing o'er the flowery hedges,
Where the bee for honey strays;
Crowning hill-tops, gilding valleys,
In the merry summer days.

Oh, the merry summer days,
When the woods with life abound,
Warbling birds with joyous lays
Pour a flood of music round;
Now a tender little love song,
Then a lofty burst of praise:
All unite to swell the chorus
In the merry summer days.

SNOWDON.

BY MRS. C. H. PARLIMAN.

"Pardon me, kind friends, but it is wrong—so
city, so called, is all wrong in this matter. You
know as well as I, that you can just as easily make
it fashionable to drink water as wine. Now, you
ladies, leaders of the *ton* in Snowdon, just banish
from your sideboards liquors of all kinds, and the
rest will be only too glad to follow your example.
Do you not know that you are leading downward
to ruin more than one talented and promising
young man? Young men upon whose brows linger
the parting kisses of fond mothers and dear
sisters, when your smiles first fell with a charmed
influence around them? You proffered the rosy
wine—a mother's sad eyes looked out from its

sparkling foam, and they would gladly have passed
it by; but your playful raillery, your pretty, coax-
ing ways, shut out the light of those sad, pleading
eyes, their nobler nature was thrust aside, and
taking from your jewelled hand, they pressed the
serpent-demon to their lips. In that fearful mo-
ment, they tarnished one of earth's most glorious
gems, and opened up the broad highway to ruin,
disgrace and eternal death!

"Forgive me, if I have spoken too plainly. Be-
lieve me, I would 'wound only to heal.' Last
evening, at the party, from out my quiet corner, I
watched, with an aching heart, Fred Somers. I
knew his family well, and loved them for their
many superior virtues. By the most self-sacrificing
economy and industry, his widowed mother kept
him in college; but during his last year there, he
yielded to the temptations that ever assail the
student's life, and fell into disgrace. But by the
earnest pleadings of his almost heart-broken mo-
ther and sisters, he was retained upon the solemn
pledge of total abstinence, a pledge he most
sacredly kept. He graduated with the highest
honors, and his mother had every reason to believe
that his strong arm would tenderly sustain her
even to the waters of the dark river of Death. He
came to Snowdon one year ago, and you all know
him to be an honorable, noble-hearted, generous
man; and if I mistake not, another young and
loving heart, dearer than a sister, weeps and prays
in secret for him. I saw her shudder and turn
pale, when for the third time he eagerly quaffed
the sparkling wine; and agony worse than death
was pictured on her sweet young face when later
in the evening, he was led from the room—*intoxi-
cated*. God of mercy, is there no way to arrest
his downward course?"

"There is, dear Mrs. Randall—there *shall* be a
way!" and Fred Somers hastily crossed the room,
and with frank and manly earnestness presented
his hand to that lady. "Dear Mrs. Randall, from
my heart I thank you for saying just what you
have said. It is true, every word; alas! alas! but
too true; and but for your plain and kindly words,
I might have broken the fond heart of my loving
mother and brought disgrace upon my darling
sisters. But here I pledge my sacred word, and
these ladies shall be my witnesses, God being my
helper, nothing that can intoxicate shall ever
again cross my lips. And, dear ladies, let me
entreat you, for the sake of those who stand where
last night I stood, upon the very brink of ruin and
disgrace, take good Mrs. Randall's advice and
banish at once and forever from your homes that
fiery curse whose fearful tide, issuing from the
topmost wave of society, rolls its seething billows
over every rank and grade of the great family of
man. Believe me, the ladies alone have the power,
by decided and energetic action, to speak the
charmed words whose magic influence shall 'still'
the terrible tempest upon whose wild waves so
many noble and loving hearts are careering on—

ward and downward to darkness and death; with their own puny arms shutting themselves out from the presence of God and His holy angels forever. Oh, ladies beware, lest in that Great Day, their souls should be required at your hands!"

Fred Somers was a privileged visitor at the house of Mrs. Wilson, and had unannounced entered the parlor to await the entrance of the young ladies, and unintentionally listened to the words spoken in the adjoining room. A plain, truth-loving, noble-hearted woman was Mrs. Randall, a valued friend and relative of the family with whom she was then staying. She had a habit (would there were more like her,) of speaking true and earnest words, *when* and *where* needed, and I am happy to say that sometimes they "fell on good ground," and afterwards brought forth a plentiful harvest.

It was so in the case of Fred Somers. He kept his promise, though surrounded by innumerable temptations, and years afterwards, when senatorial honors wreathed his brow, would take his little Fred upon his knee, and tell him how very near his father came to being a drunkard.

The ladies *did* banish all liquors from their houses, and as Mrs. Randall had said, the "rest were only too glad to follow their example."

Soon the little village of Snowdon was transformed into one of the sweetest, quietest little places in the world, and all by a "*few words fitly spoken.*"

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters. My 18, 23, 11, 8, is an adjective; my 9, 6, 16, 12, 8, is a military weapon; my 13, 2, 20, 13, 14, nature has given to

all of the human race; my 8, 20, 22, 7, 10, 7, 4, 1 is one of the United States; my 14, 20, 3, 12, 5, is a man's name; my 7, 15, 19, is a nickname; my 9, 10, 7, 21, 21, 11, 24, is an American bird; my 1, 20, 17, is a fowl. My whole is the name of a distinguished poet.

II.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 16 letters. My 14, 7, 3, 9, is an important part of the human body; my 1, 15, 16, is a pronoun; my 10, 15, 12, 13, 1, is a kind of tree; my 11, 6, 2, is a kind of sheep; my 1, 7, 5, is a kind of food for quadrupeds; my 1, 7, 4, 12, is a wild animal; my 10, 12, 8, 8, 5, is a fruit. My whole is one of the most celebrated clergymen in America.

III.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters. My 5, 34, 26, 2, 1, 22, 36, was President of Mexico; my 5, 24, 10, 3, 28, 9, is an animal; my 12, 15, 14, 11, 13, are useful to all; my 20, 8, 16, 33, 35, 36, is an occupation; my 29, 4, 31, 18, 27, is a boy's name; my 17, 6, 7, 21, 9, is an animal; my 23, 25, 36, is jolly; my 10, 30, 32, are vowels. My whole is what we should never do. O. P.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c., IN MAY NUMBER.—To Double Acrostic:

P	ro	P
A	rbou	R
R	ienz	I
I	r	R
S	ucces	S
H	ear	T

To Decapitations.—1. Prime. 2. Spine. 3. Halo.
To Charade.—Caress.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

SALAD CREAM.—Put the raw yolks of four eggs into the whiskpan with a teaspoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a dust of pepper. Mix this a little with the whisk, then add a little salad oil, which must be used sparingly at first, and gradually increased; as you proceed, add a little vinegar, alternately beating it well each time. The relative quantity of oil to be used in proportion to the vinegar is as five to one; a very little sugar may be added, if approved; it should be quite thick and smooth.

A GOOD DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold, add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. Add one wineglassful of the

solution to half a pint of tepid water, and use it daily. It preserves and beautifies the teeth and arrests decay.

OMELETTE PLAIN.—Break four eggs, and beat them well for a minute or so; add two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk and a little salt and pepper. Give it a few more turns with the whisk; put a pat of butter in an omelette-pan or small frying-pan, stand it over a quick fire; as soon as the butter is hot, pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set; collect it together in the centre of the pan, let it remain a short time to get a little color; see that it is not stuck, turn a dish over on it, put your hand on the dish and turn it over with the pan, and send to table.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Have some new milk in one saucer and a piece of common yellow soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth lay out the glove about to be cleaned quite smoothly. Dip a piece of flannel in the milk, and then rub off a good quantity of the soap on to the wetted flannel, and rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks yellow but clear; if colored, till it looks dark. Lay it to dry, and when pulled out it will look quite new.

MERENGUES.—The whites of six eggs and one pound of sifted pounded white sugar. Procure a board of about an inch in thickness and of a convenient size for the oven; cover this with foolscap or thin cartridge paper; proceed to beat the whites of eggs to a substantial froth; remove the whisk, and stir the sugar in lightly with a spoon; do not stir it too much, as it would lose its firmness with a dessert spoon; drop the mixture out on the papered board in mounds about the size of an egg, about an inch and a half apart; in dropping them, turn the spoon over as they fall, so as to produce

as round an appearance as possible; then dust them over with sifted sugar, and blow off the loose sugar from the paper; put them in a moderately heated oven and bake a very light brown color; when done, each piece must be carefully removed from the paper, the inside scraped out with a dessert spoon, leaving the shell about a quarter of an inch thick; place them in order on a papered baking sheet, the hollow side upwards, and put again in the oven, taking care they do not acquire any more color. They should be dried so as to be quite crisp. They may be put in the oven at night when the fire is out and the heat subsided, and remain until the morning, when they may be packed in a tin box, and used when required.

SAVORY OMELETTE.—A teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and the same quantity of eschalots, two ounces of cooked ham, chopped also. Proceed as in the foregoing recipe, but as soon as the butter is hot, put in the parsley and eschalots and shake it about a little in the hot butter; then pour in the omelette, adding the chopped ham, and finish as before. If preferred, the ham may be omitted.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

Walking dresses cut short and variously trimmed are now almost universally worn in the street. They usually consists of two skirts, the upper one, and perhaps upper and lower, closely gored. For convenience and economy, this fashion cannot be too highly commended. For travelling suits this summer they are most popular made either in light poplin or other plain material. A very fashionable trimming for either walking or house dresses just now is satin, laid on in folds around the skirt, or in perpendicular pleats.

For the walking dresses cashmere and poplin are the fashionable materials. For example, a pale gray cashmere petticoat will be worn under a skirt to match, bordered with either a cross-cut band or three pipings of cerise satin; these are laid on as festoons, and above them, at the commencement of every festoon or scallop, there is a trefoil formed of cashmere and edged with cerise satin, a cerise button being placed in the centre of the leaves. The short loose paletôt is ornamented to correspond. The same style is also made in blue cashmere and trimmed with black satin when it has a very distinguished effect.

Aprons are in vogue again, and are said to be even attached to the ball dresses. The deep flowing sleeve it is said will replace the close fitting one which has been so fashionable of late.

Bonnets are all very small and present a variety of shapes. The bonnet which seems to have gained the preference, however, has a small crown

very high at the top of the head, and flat at the back, with an exceedingly narrow front. All round the bonnet there is a wreath. On the white bonnets these are varied. Sometimes they consist of white fuschias with pearl pistils—sometimes of foliage with white narcissus, both leaves and flowers covered with crystal; others consist of Bismarck leaves, more or less bronzed, and mixed with light branches of green and black grapes.

The spring *Fanchons* are also novelties in the bonnet line. They are made of silk, and are cut so that when the bonnet is made up it has all the effect of a large flower. In either pink or white silk they look like pink or white roses. The bonnet is tied in front with plaits of silk, and at the back there are either plaits of the same shade, and these latter hang down the back. Tulle lappets, worked over with beads and tied under the chin with a flower, are still used for black bonnets ornamented with jet, which are not yet abandoned.

A few months since a famous French princess appeared at a court ball laden with amber ornaments, and forthwith all the fashionable world has broken out into amber. As this is so easy of imitation (in fact is so little worn in its purity) we think its introduction is to be regretted. Already cheap trimmings of yellow glass load our shop windows, and on all sides we see the most tawdry combinations of the amber with other colors. We hope this rage for yellow ornaments will soon pass by.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOODBURN GRANGE. By William Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

We are very glad to commend to the public this excellent story, and are indebted to the Messrs. Peterson for the very attractive dress which they have given to so good a work. The charm of Howitt's writings consists in their freedom from affectation, the simple, every-day earnestness of narration, the thoroughly moral and religious character of the lessons inculcated. Woodburn Grange is a rather complex tale as to the characters introduced and in the development of plot—if plot there be to the story, which is a simple tale of English domestic life, having too many heroes and heroines to be intense and sensational, even were the events chronicled of more startling character.

NEW AMERICA. By William Hepworth Dixon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A more readable book of its kind, or one containing a better description of some phases of our American life, it would be difficult to find. The author, Mr. Dixon, is the editor of the London "*Athenæum*," and widely known in literary circles as an able critic and talented writer. The book is mainly a record of observations made in the course of a summer tour through the States during the past year.

As Mr. Dixon is an Englishman, it is due him to say that he has dealt with American peculiarities in a more kindly spirit than most English writers, treating us with a fairness and courtesy we have not been accustomed to expect from his countrymen. He writes, however, not so much of Americans as a whole as of some of the peculiar sects and institutions which have a sort of mushroom growth among us, devoting full one-third of the book to Utah and the Mormons, and bestowing liberal attention upon the Shakers at Lebanon and the Communists at Oneida Creek and Oberlin. Americans may discover very much that is new to them concerning their own country in this book, and all will find it a source of rare entertainment and profit.

BACKBONE. By Edward H. Dixon, M. D. New York: R. M. De Witt.

As the office of the scalpel is to do severe, disagreeable, and yet healthful duty, so this work of Dr. Dixon, though cutting in its home-thrusts, and uncompromising in its attacks upon many popular customs and habits, might be of essential service to the men and women of this country were its lessons only heeded. Its title is "*Backbone*," a quality desirable in man or woman, and one which, among some classes of society, is sadly wanting. To instruct the present generation how they may

acquire and preserve this "*backbone*" is in part the object of Dr. Dixon's present work. He particularly addresses himself to the women of our day, attacks their mode of dress, their manner of rearing children, and reads them some exceedingly wholesome lessons upon these subjects. He attacks also the use of stimulants—coffee, tea, alcohol and tobacco—shows their pernicious influence, and deprecates their use. Other evils, public and private, receive a severe handling from our author, who, where he would rebuke, shows no mercy. Pleasant sketches of personal experience are interspersed among graver subjects, the whole making a very agreeable and profitable book.

JOAN OF ARC. Translated from the French, by Sarah M. Grimké. Boston: Adams & Co.

This is a condensed translation of Lamartine's famous history of this remarkable girl. Original biographies of Joan of Arc are comparatively rare. Doubtless, writers have found it difficult to analyze satisfactorily the strange qualities of mind and heart which made up this remarkable character, and led to such astounding results for France and the world. Opinion has always differed so widely as to the nature of that inspiration which led her on through all her strange career. Most of the histories to which Americans have had access have been written by Englishmen, always inclined to treat that peculiar mental construction which saw strange visions and claimed to act by direct divine influence with a sort of contempt. But here we have the interpretation of a Frenchman, and an enthusiast in his subject, also. We would not, perhaps, accord to Joan all that he would claim for his heroine, and certainly would not agree with the translator, who says in her preface:—

"Next to Jesus, she seems to have been the grandest medium of divine communication; a being sent from a higher sphere to allure and buoy us upward. Her inspiration was a summons from God, reverberating through a whole people, and concentrating its power in the exaltation and agony of a single soul."

We are glad to welcome this little volume to our libraries, and must, in passing, compliment the publishers upon the attractive dress which they have given it.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Two more volumes of the "*Diamond Edition*" of the works of Dickens, now in course of publication by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Some of the

new illustrations are very spirited. Both as a pocket and a neat library edition, these volumes commend themselves to favor, and will be widely acceptable.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. Vol. I. Philadelphia: *T. S. Arthur & Son.* Price \$1.

Handsomely bound in fine English cloth, gilt back and sides, and containing 196 pages (double columns large 16mo.) of choice reading, and 30 illustrations, in the best style of the art, this volume is the cheapest and handsomest juvenile book published. It will be sent by mail to any address on receipt by the publishers of \$1.

THE PORTFOLIO WORKS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Complete edition. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

This is a new edition of the works of America's favorite poet, and is called the "Diamond Edition." It is neat and attractive.

STORIES FROM "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR." Philadelphia: *T. S. Arthur & Son.* Price 25 cents.

In a single packet, we have here eight little books, each with a tastefully illuminated cover, containing stories selected from "The Children's Hour." Each little book contains a story. The price of the packet of eight books is 25 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail to any address. For gifts to children, and for use in Sunday-school classes, these choice little stories will be found cheap and desirable.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Bros.*

This is the third volume of the "Author's American Edition," issued by the Messrs. Peterson. It contains sixty-four original illustrations from de-

signs by John McLean. The Messrs. Peterson publish the complete works of Dickens in a great variety of styles and at various prices.

THE CRITTENDEN COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC AND BUSINESS MANUAL. Designed for the use of Merchants, Business Men, Academies, and Commercial Colleges. By J. Groesbeck, Consulting Accountant. Principal of Crittenden's Philadelphia Commercial College. Philadelphia: *S. H. Crittenden & Co.*

This book will be welcomed by a large class of persons who are engaged in business pursuits. It has already been adopted as a text-book in some of the first class academies of our country. It contains practical information that is especially adapted to business purposes, and which is not found in the text-books in common use. The author is an experienced teacher of commercial science, and his knowledge of the wants of those preparing for business, and his familiarity with the actual practices of business men, have enabled him to present just what is needed in every-day mercantile life. The calculations are such as to save labor and to insure rapidity and accuracy; several of them are new, and are now published for the first time. The forms of business papers, of which there is a large variety, are accompanied by explanations which will prove invaluable to those who are inexperienced in their use. There is also much information on various business subjects of general interest. As an aid to the student of Book-keeping it will be found extremely useful, furnishing as it does that every-day business knowledge, without which the science of accounts must always be imperfectly understood. It is well printed on good paper and neatly bound, and should find a place in every well-regulated counting house.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

"Dr. Ben, what is the matter with you?"

He had been silent for the last ten minutes, his eyes looking into the fire, his face in its grandest mood; but not just that sort of mood which it wore when he was considering a dangerous case, settling, so far as human skill might, the question of life or death for another. Outside there was a cold storm—one of those that, blown in on north-eastern gales, drop their chill and darkness right down into all the warm, throbbing life of June.

We could hear the clamor of the winds, and be-twixt them, sometimes, the low, sullen beat of the waves on the shore, and the swift gusts of rain against the windows.

Against all this storm and darkness we had that background of warmth, a wood-fire—not a vast monster such as fits into January, puffing and spreading its great red loins of flame up the chimney, but golden rings sliding over pine sticks, shoots of fire darting in and out among the back

logs like live things, and gathering up their forces into a centre of bright crimson blaze.

So we three had been sitting by the fire, not talking much, but with that sweet, unutterable sense of comfort and shelter which a fierce storm outside and a fire within gives one. I think Grace's question broke a silence of ten minutes, not only on the Doctor's part.

"Supposing I tell you that nothing is the matter, Cousin Grace?"

"That is impossible, because you are a truthful man—with yourself, even."

"Well, then, to keep up my character, I confess I was thinking, with Dickens' Stephen Blackwood, 'It's all a muddle—a muddle.'"

Grace waited for him to go on; I, more impatient, put in—"What is this especial muddle, Doctor—a general fact, or a particular one?"

"A general truth, Kitty, with a particular one which I met this afternoon to point it. You know I had a summons to visit a sick woman down there

on the Flats. I can't imagine how the people round here scented out my profession."

"You carry it in your face and voice," laughed Grace. "One sees and reads there, 'disciple of Esculapius.' But that isn't the 'muddle.'"

"True. Instead, it concerned your sex, its position, relations, and limitations."

I drew a long breath. "Oh, Dr. Ben, what an area that covers! Woman's Rights, Suffrage, and all that."

"Yes, the 'muddle' clearly involves all these, though my reflections hardly covered that ground."

"But what was the illustration?" I asked, thinking this the surest way to arrive at the general truth."

"It was a young girl, the eldest daughter of the household; below her, half a dozen unkempt, noisy little brats straggling along up to their teens; but this girl—I pitied her." He stopped there, the grave, half sorrowful look we all knew, about his mouth.

"Why?" Grace and I speaking together.

He turned upon us almost angrily—

"Why? Because there was the making of a fine woman, of a true lady in that girl, and, in a large sense, it's all going to waste, choked and crushed out of her by her life and surroundings. Too bad—too bad!" shaking his head, the sorrow deepening in his face.

"Tell us about the girl." And though curiosity might have had some share in the question, I knew that sympathy was its controlling element.

"Well, then, to begin with the family, the father, a hard-worked, plodding man, his whole interests divided betwixt his crops and his cattle—that small farm just enabling him to make both means meet from year to year by the exercise of a most sordid economy; the mother, a mere household drudge, broken down with overwork, whatsoever fine juices of character were in her at the beginning dried up by that hard, sordid, narrow, delving life, which slays every year in this Christian land of ours its ten thousands of women—a moiling, grinding, harassing life, without any grace, aspiration, amenities of any sort—a life that if it doesn't kill a woman outright, breaks her down body and soul, makes her old before her time—sour, narrow-minded, coarse and querulous, a mere wreck of what might have been a sweet, noble, lovable womanhood."

He stopped a moment, broke a small forestick which the fire had nearly eaten through at the centre, adjusted the pieces, and then went on:—"To come to the daughter, now. A man when he gets to be as old as I am, and has seen as much of the tough side of life, doesn't like to talk much sentiment; but I tell you, girls, I pitied that child with an utterable pity."

"Tell us about her," said either Grace or myself.

He sketched her for us. Dr. Ben had a masterly power there; a few words of his, like the strokes

of an artist, bringing the features out, whether of face or character, strong and clear.

"A girl somewhere near her sixteenth birthday, with a remarkably pretty face, it would be something finer than that with the thought and expression which cultivation would add to it—a head that promises more than ordinary power with the right sort of training; and yet there she is, cramped, limited, crushed on every side by that home-life of hers."

"Oh, dear! can't she get out of it?"

"Ah! there's the rub, Kitty. That was the question I asked myself, looking at her in the midst of those clamorous urchins. If anything can be done for her, it's high time; indeed, she can never make up the lost years. I can see, too, that her mind has begun to wake up, to make its voice heard, to demand

"Something better than she has known."

In a dim way, her tastes, instincts, needs revolt from the coarsenesses of her present; she feels the stir of new powers and possibilities within her clamoring for air and food; that soul of hers looks out from the ceaseless drudgery and pants for a wider horizon; her instincts feel dimly after the graces, courtesies, refinements which should be their native air.

"What a pleased, half-wistful look came over her face as she talked with me! I suppose I may take to myself the credit of being about the first man of any cultivation or any high ideal of womanhood with whom she had ever spoken."

"There she is, in that little, dark, lonely farmhouse, starved crippled, paralyzed. And yet, as I said, I discerned a fine, susceptible soul there; one that, with the sort of care and painstaking which is wasted on many a stolid, meagre nature, would have bloomed into a sweet, intelligent womanhood, and have adorned society with the charms of a true and gracious ladyhood. It's all a 'muddle,' as I said before."

"But can't something be done for her?" asked Grace, with her instinct of helpfulness for all who were in trouble.

"I don't know—God is my witness, I don't know!" said Dr. Ben, getting up and pacing the room. We always knew by that sign when we were to have his best and strongest thoughts—the thoughts with the swift life-blood of experience and feeling pulsing through them.

"Could I say to this girl, knowing what she needs a good deal better, probably, than she does herself—'Get out of this life. Develop the faculties Nature put in you at the making. It's your right—your solemn duty to do this. Make what you can of yourself.' Could I say this to that girl, knowing the world, and under what a mountain of disabilities she would go out single-handed to meet it?

In the first place, she hasn't, of course, the sort of health that would bear a long strain of years—the close, mephitic atmosphere which you will find in

those sort of farm-houses to which a treatise on the wholesomeness of fresh air never penetrates, is as bad, or worse, than the foul stuff fine ladies feed on in furnace-heated city parlors. Next to that, think of the stuff that's entered into the making of that girl's physique from the time she cut her teeth, rich, greasy compounds; doughnuts, mince-pies, and heavy bread, with pickles and preserves between meals—what sort of stamina can result from such a dietetic regimen?

"Then, in the second place, what is the girl to do? She wants education. How is she to get it? There are free schools. But she must have board and clothes. These are imperative; and if she works for the former only, she will trench very largely upon time and opportunities for study.

Then she comes to the work at an immense disadvantage. Her whole manner of life, ways of speaking, pronunciation, are against her. Even if she have quick observation and adaptation, which most of her countrywomen do, those early habits of accent and manner can only be surmounted by years of contact with an opposite life, and through more or less mortifying mistakes.

"If she carries herself through all this, and my word for it, I don't see how she can and live, there's a district school-house for her somewhere, I suppose, with a dozen applicants for the situation! If she's so fortunate as to be the successful candidate, she'll have hard work enough to kill her in a few years, if she isn't made of better muscle and nerve than most of you American women, and a few hundred dollars each year, not enough to support her without the exercise of a most stringent economy!

"Now the circumstances of this girl are by no means peculiar. I meet others quite as pitiful every day in my practice. There are hundreds of thousands of them in this boasted nineteenth century, in this free land of ours!

"Girls," standing still and regarding us a moment, "it's a hard world—it always has been for you women."

"I'm glad that one man has the wisdom to discern, the grace to acknowledge it," with a little sparkle of a laugh that neutralized all the severity of her remark.

"Now, Grace, that's going a little too far," I said. "I think the best of men do largely discern and acknowledge how much is against us in this battle of circumstances; but not to make another point here, there's one chance for this girl; an awful risk in it, I grant; but then her pretty face may be in her favor. She may better her circumstances by matrimony, Doctor."

"True, Kitty; but how do the chances look for her there? A man who has any high ideal of a woman, wants some culture of heart, mind, and manner, and what has this girl found of either in her life? What sort of men, too, has she seen to mould her conception of true and worthy manhood? She'll be very likely to take up with the

first chance that comes in her way, and that affords any prospect of enfranchisement from her present life. Such a woman can't afford to be fastidious!

"If the fellow happens to have energy and business tact, he may succeed in the world, and make for his wife a better home, a broader life; but after all, it will be his doings, not hers. But if he is not of such stuff—and you know the proportion of successful men anywhere is small—it will simply be the old drudging, moping life over again."

Grace drew a long, long sigh, looking straight into the fire. "What you've said is all true, Doctor. Most women are what their fathers, brothers, husbands make them. It's a hard world for us!"

"There's one thing you haven't thought of," I said, thinking it was better to laugh than to cry—"this toil-worn, broken-down mother may have a son who will be President of the United States!"

"That, Kitty, I confess, is a view of the case I hadn't taken. There is a possibility for every mother of a son in the country. If there is any comfort to be derived from that reflection, may she have it to the uttermost. For my own part, I can't see where the consolation lies."

"And to think," said Grace, after a little pause, "that the whole thing would be reversed if the case were a boy, instead of a girl."

"Ah, then it would be all right!" said the Doctor. "I should say to the boy—'Get out of this life as soon as you can; but it's been just the thing for you so far. The hard work, the out-door life, the digging, ploughing, delving, have braced your nerves and strengthened your muscles. You've got the brawn, now go to work at the brain. Get your board and your clothes in some honest way, and study with a will. Work your way up; make your place in the world; it's there for you. Be what God meant you should. What's to hinder?' And if the boy to whom I talked was of the right material, he'd come out Member of Congress, Governor of the State, or, as these things are by no means the best test of a man, a success after the law of his own nature, in whatever he brought his energies to bear. It's one world for men, and another sort for women, as I said."

I put in here—"And yet, when I think of what the life of a mere fashionable lady is, when I remember how many there are among my own acquaintances, shallow, fragmentary, superficial, narrow, gossipy, exacting, when I remember how many there are whose lives are shaped, whose opinions are moulded by the influences of a boarding-house, for example, I sometimes wonder whether the life of a mere household drudge isn't better, worthier, and more of a blessing to the world than that of a mere fine lady."

"That is an open question, Kitty, but it's too broad a one to enter on to-night."

We were silent awhile after this, thinking over much that the subject had suggested to each of us. Outside, the storm gathered new forces of wind and

rain. The crimson glow of the fire paled into a light yellow.

There was a small clock on the mantel mounted with a bronze group—Perserпина in the midst of her sea-nymphs.

"Girls, look at that clock," said the Doctor, suddenly. He had a tone on occasion, which would have suited the commander of a man-of-war. The hands were half an hour beyond our bedtime. Dr. Ben was always absolute on early hours. He lighted our lamps and brought them to us. Not another word did any one of us speak, except "Good-night."

V. F. T.

ROGERS.

This anecdote is told of Samuel Rogers, the poet: It is reported of him that he once loved; at least, that when a young man, he sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he thought he had seen. At the end of a London season, at a ball, he said—"To-morrow I go to Worthing; are you coming there?" Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attentions of many drawn towards the lady, who was leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found that it was his old flame. She merely said—"You never came to Worthing?" "Who shall say," remarks Mr. S. C. Hall, "that the selfish cynic might not have been another man—a better and far happier man—if he had gone to Worthing?"

"His countenance," says Mr. Hall, "was a theme of continual jokes. It was 'ugly' if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; his forehead was broad, his head large; out of proportion, indeed, as to form; but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of identity. His features were cadaverous. Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set us his hearse; and it is said that Sidney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, "When he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands."

Rogers, wealthy, but apparently without human sympathy or generous impulse, was one of the men who have no true friends while living, and no sincere mourners when dead. Of none can a much sadder record be made.

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